

The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

JUNE 8, 1946



Victory March... London



For Safety's Sake Say "Vincent's"
and Take Vincent's A.P.C. with Confidence!

CONFIDENCE

**AND WHAT IT
MEANS TO YOU!**

Racing over the snowy slopes! What a thrill! What confidence! Thousands of Australian women for over 25 years have had every confidence in genuine Vincent's A.P.C. for the relief of pain! The continued success of Vincent's A.P.C. is founded on its better-balanced formula. It is the only A.P.C. prepared to the original hospital prescription recommended by the medical profession as most effective for safe, sure relief of all nerve and muscular pain! Insist on genuine Vincent's A.P.C.; it's the best that money can buy!



Genuine
VINCENT'S
A.P.C.
FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY VINCENT'S

IN VICTORIA
SOUTH AUST. & TASMANIA
Ask your chemist for Vincent's Powders & Tablets

TAKE VINCENT'S A.P.C. WITH CONFIDENCE

For Flu & Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, Headaches, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Nerve & Muscular Pain



Sweetest Way Home

By ELISE JERARD

IT ALL, of course, started with a mood that particular Saturday morning when Deborah was hurrying down Riverside Drive with a bride's bouquet under her arm. Lynn had been married in Riverside Church. Then they all had crossed over to The Rivermont, where, after the wedding breakfast, the bride duly tossed her bouquet. And Deborah, of course, duly caught it. After which she absent-mindedly walked off with it and since she couldn't take it to business, the disposal problem now confronted her.

Maybe she should give it to that dear old lady seated on the bench.

Moved by this impulse, Deborah walked up to the old lady. "Pardon me," she said, "but would you like this bride's bouquet? It sounds silly—"

"Most fool nonsense I ever heard," the lady mopped.

"OK," agreed Deborah. "I just caught it and—"

"Now you think you're going to catch yourself a husband," chuckled the old lady.

"Not me!" Deborah told her cheerfully. "I've caught nine bouquets in my time, and I'm still an old maid at twenty-four."

"And a good thing, too!" opined the lady. "You'd probably have feeble-minded children. Poking things like that in perfect strangers' faces! Take it away! Sentimentality disgusts me!"

Just then someone tapped Deborah's arm. It was a policeman.

"Couldn't help overhearing, Miss," he said. "That's a real nice boukey you got, and I'll be glad to take it from yer!" He glared at the old lady. "Sure and I know herself I'll like it!"

Deborah hoped indeed that herself would, and the last that she saw of the bouquet it was being carried almost aloft by the man in blue.

Deborah boarded a bus, promptly removed her brand new hat. Any minute now she might start missing Lynn. Not that she went in for brooding, but this was one day in a lifetime when a touch of wistfulness seemed indicated. It wasn't just that Lynn had lived right across the hall, and so had been someone always there—someone you could count on in sickness and in health. No, there'd been that other bond between them—they'd been the last two of their crowd to be still knocking around in what Deborah had called "the state of single cussedness." And now, to-day—historic date! Deborah was the only one left. Oh, entirely through faults of her own! Yes yes, she'd had plenty of chances . . .

As the bus lumbered vibrantly south, she amused herself conjuring up the chances.

With these thoughts, Deborah got off the bus in front of Slade's Fifth Avenue, the store where she worked. With an appreciative eye, she noted the gay sparkling windows. Pushing in, she felt surprisingly high-spirited.

The big clock pointedly announced that it was noon, and Slade's closed at one on Saturdays. But Deborah, as executives quite often did, planned to stay on till her desk was as clear as her conscience.

Up on the sixth floor she found her two assistants in the shopping service exuding a neon-like good cheer. "Hi!" Deborah guessed, "Charlie Chan tell me that Ellen and Ann both hear from bridegrooms!" And they had. So she tuned in on two more love lives. Briefly. Then she settled down to business.

There was a veritable snowdrift of mail, the heaviest, indeed, since the Christmas rush—sixty-one letters in all. Mostly June anniversary trade Love, love, love—it dogs me, thought Deborah as she opened order after order after money order from doting and attentive husbands asking Slade's assistance with that anniversary thought.

Looking up, she saw Miss Lee twittering toward her with a young man in tow. Miss Lee was a special sixth floor character—a desiccated and distracted spinster who somehow lived in a state of non-stop panic.

"Oh, Mrs. Gorman!" she cried. She always called Deborah "Mrs." Gorman. But, after all, everybody's married, thought Deborah, and why should Miss Lee get things right?

"Oh, Mrs. Gorman!" cried Miss Lee. "This young man—he stopped me . . . He asked—he wants . . . And he's from the West, and so are you, so I thought—" She turned to him. "She'll help you! Mrs. Gorman!" And she hurried off.

Promptly the shopping service laughed. The young man gazed interestedly at Deborah. He was a tall, dark, humorous young man.

"Won't you sit down?" said Deborah, picking up a pencil from the desk.

"You from the West?" he asked Deborah.

"California," she said. "And you?"

"Illinois," he said. "Small place, the West!"

They laughed—the kind of laugh that would have broken the ice if there'd been any ice to break.

"And how can I help you?" asked Deborah.

"Do you give advice to the gift-orn?"

"Yes," Deborah smiled. "Are you gift-orn?"

"Very." But somehow he didn't look it. He looked imaginative and resourceful.

Please turn to page 12.

FRIDAY IS SUCH A FROST

By
BETTY BYRD

Shirley solved a chilly problem in a very heart-warming way

WHEN I first fell in love with Bill I had no idea he was an inventor. He looked perfectly normal, aside from being abnormally attractive in a dark, dangerous way.

He didn't say a word about the characteristics of triodes, he didn't so much as mention an ohm. But it wasn't long until I discovered to my horror that he was working on some electrical gadget so complicated that I couldn't possibly follow his conversation past the point of a patent applied for.

Jane, of course, could. And it was obvious to me from the very beginning that she was not only interested in handling the patent (she's a lawyer) but that she was utilising every trick she knew to attract him; and her tricks were legion.

I hadn't realised when Jane moved in with me to share expenses that we wouldn't get along together. At first she was charming—it wasn't until we had lived together for a couple of months that I discovered that she really didn't like me at all.

She tolerated me only because she liked the atmosphere of the little old house and the cobbled street, the fireplace and the rose-papered living-room. And until Bill came into the picture we lived with a sort of truce. She fixed the furnace if it broke down and repaired the refrigerator, which was nearly always broken.

In return, I did the marketing and the cooking and the house-cleaning. It was pretty tiresome after writing radio scripts all day, but actually I was a little afraid of Jane. She was so clever.

The night she brought Bill home the first time, I was vacuuming the living-room, and, as always, when I

touch any sort of appliance or gadget, it gave a little sigh, wheezed and died on the rug. I heard Jane's voice from the doorway.

"Shirley," she said, "this is Bill Courtland."

I looked up and beheld one of those tall, lank men that are just my type because I'm little, and immediately I was conscious of the fact that I was wearing no make-up and that my hair straggled. Then he smiled at me, and the vacuum recovered.

"She's a mechanical idiot," said Jane, in just the proper, amused tone of voice to make him think she was being motherly. "Everything she touches acts strangely. But, of course, she's so sweet everyone overlooks those things, don't we, dear?"

"Yes," I said miserably. I hauled the vacuum out of the room, and Bill followed me with the cord and wound it around the vacuum's tummy.

"She's afraid to use any of the attachments except the floor brush," said Jane relentlessly, "so of course the apartment's awfully dusty."

"I could teach you to use them in five minutes," said Bill, reaching for one of the gadgets. "Look. See, all you do . . ."

I looked at Jane. "Never mind," I said hastily. "Honestly, it's nice of you, but people are always trying to show me things and I never seem to learn." I got out of the room as fast as I could and curled up with a book in the bedroom, but I couldn't read. I kept seeing myself as Bill had seen me—in that awful, faded cotton dress and dirty white sandals.

If he had caught Jane vacuuming, every lacquered hair would have been pristine, and she can crawl round rugs without getting her knees dusty. But what oothered me most was Jane's air of superiority. I'd



"What are you up to?" Bill said gently, kneeling down beside her.

have to put up with it for four months until our lease was up. She had one of those legal minds; she'd refuse to budge until October, and meanwhile Bill would be round and I'd have to watch them fall in love.

That's the way it seemed to be, too. He came three or four times a week, took her dancing, but usually they'd study blueprints of his electrical gadget. I tried to keep out of their way as much as possible. In the first place I couldn't bear seeing him with her, and then of course Jane made it clear that she didn't want me round. But I'd hear snatches of their conversation, and Jane was pulling the old nobody-understands-you-like-I-do stuff.

It seems there wasn't a thing she didn't know about 10-24 circuits, and if ever there was a woman up on her cathodes it was Jane. But at the same time she never let up on the allure. Even during the worst heat spell New York had in years she looked elegantly icy, the sort of person who can bully face powder into staying on for hours.

I couldn't see how Bill could resist her for very long because I had to admit that she was perfect for him—brains and beauty and unshakable poise. I knew it was only a matter of time before he realised it.

Someone once spoke of the total depravity of inanimate objects, and if ever there was a really depraved inanimate object it was our refrigerator. It had a whimsical sort of sadism that operated in particular during heat spells.

One sweltering night I came in loaded with butter and eggs and other perishables and found that it had gone off and defrosted itself.

It was a Friday night, I remember, and Jane had said that Bill was coming. Now of course she usually could fix the refrigerator—she did something or other to its brush—but this night she wasn't home and all I could do was glare at it. Bill found me that way, mourning the melting butter.

"Bill," I said, "Jane is going to be so furious—we'd planned ice pudding to-night. Do you think you could do something to make it work? I hate to bother you with anything

so petty . . ." He looked quizzical, so I explained: "Naturally, you're interested only in creating things, not repairing, but—"

He laughed and said: "Who do you

think I am—Einstein?" He had the motor purring in five minutes and then he led me into the living-room.

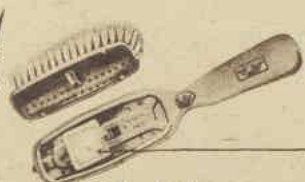
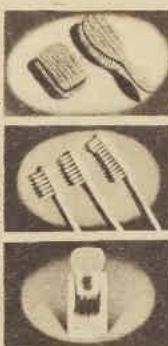
Please turn to page 20

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS
MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER LATE
MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA

KENT of LONDON Best British Brushes

Kent Quality Brushes were first created by Messrs. G. B. Kent and Sons Ltd., London, England, in 1777. The finest grades of Kent Brushes are made with bristles of genuine Siberian boar and backs of the finest selected Satinwood. Brushes of this character are entirely hand-made, and are the proud achievement of skilled workmen, many of whom have handed down their craftsmanship from father to son, from generation to generation. They are without equal for quality and conscientious workmanship, and have been the chosen brushes of the Royalty of Europe and the cultured public throughout the world for many generations.



The
KENT-COSBY
(PATENT)

"Allure"
PERFUME HAIRBRUSH

Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!
G. B. KENT & SONS LTD., 24, Old Bond Street,
London, W.1, England. Cables—Tricho, Piccy, London.

★ NOTE

Kent-Cosby "Allure" Hairbrushes are not at present available for sale in Australia. Members of the public desiring the earliest possible delivery of these outstanding brushes should write to—Hillier & Hillier (Pty.) Ltd., 341/3 Kent St., Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, mentioning the name of the stockist by whom they would like the brushes supplied. Prices are not yet fixed but when supplies are available they will be notified and if for any reason they do not at that time wish to accept delivery they will be under no obligation to do so.

PERFUME PAD

- BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
- HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER
- ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS



" . . . and he hasn't had a Royal Routine since they fitted a PHILIPS 100 Watt."

The "poker piker" may find brightness embarrassing. Proper illumination may irk the imposter. But for all who like to regard cards or other matters in a proper light, a 100 watt Philips Lamp should be the accepted minimum.

In any room where "seeing" is important—fit a Philips . . . and do not be satisfied with anything less than 100 watts. 100 watts of Philips lighting will obviate any occasion in which "the quickness of the hand deceives the eye!"

PHILIPS ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.

Days and Nights

Our magnificent serial ends with this instalment, bringing the drama of besieged Stalingrad to its victorious conclusion.

SABUROV sat in his dugout, staring straight ahead of him like a man in a dream, his face almost expressionless. He had sat like that for the last half-hour, his mind scarcely seeming able to take in the truth of what he had heard.

Anya was wounded badly. It was possible, even probable, that she would not recover. Anya without whom he felt he could not go on living.

He barely raised his eyes as a familiar figure loomed in the entrance to the dugout. Then he felt a quickening of interest, mingled with sick despair, as he realised that this was his commissar, Vanin, who had come out partly in the hope of getting news of Anya.

Vanin went up to the table and sat down across from Saburov. Neither spoke for a moment.

"Well, what did you find out?" Saburov asked.

"The wound is severe. They only bandaged it here and sent her across to the other side."

"I see," Saburov said. "Well, that's that," and he was silent again.

Then Vanin, all at once, suddenly, and in spite of himself, began to pour out all the phrases that well-meaning sympathisers will persist in using. Angry at himself for doing so but in no condition to control himself, he made all the hackneyed comments; that it was nothing, that it would all pass, that the wounds, of course, were serious, but not dangerous. Let a month go by and they would see Anya again.

Yes, yes—here he clapped Saburov cheerfully on the shoulder—everything was in order and here—at this point he banged his hand on the table—here they would celebrate the wedding.

From the expression on Saburov's face he might have been expected several times to interrupt Vanin. But he said nothing. When Vanin finally stopped, he only repeated: "Well, that's that."

Then he took off his boots, lay down on the cot, and without premeditation that he was sleeping stayed there motionless. He lay with his eyes open and recalled the entire day remorselessly, and in every detail, that day during which, perhaps, nothing would have happened if he had been here the whole time and not a hundred metres away.

It was at about this time that two orderlies were carrying Anya on a stretcher across the Volga. The stretcher had stopped running only the day before, and the Germans did not think that anything could yet be moved or carried across it. Everything round was white and motionless and only the snow, which was still falling, squeaked a little under the boots of the stretcher-bearers.

They had to carry her a long way. The bearers put the stretcher down carefully on the ice several times and stood for a little while clapping their frozen hands, then thrust them back in their mittens and picked up the stretcher again.

From the other shore toward the line of wounded moved a line of people sent from the rear of a division to mark the route for a sledge road for to-morrow, and to find where the ice was hardest. They walked along, stamping their feet, and testing the ice under their heels. One of them, a tall soldier, no longer young, came up close to the

stretcher on which Anya was lying, and stopped.

"What is this, one of the nurses wounded?" he asked the orderlies. Turning round he walked several steps with them.

"Yes," said an orderly.

"Did they get her badly?"

"Badly," the orderly said. "You wouldn't have something to smoke?"

"Yes," the soldier said.

The orderlies put down the stretcher and the soldier handed them each a pinch of tobacco with frozen, unbending fingers. They began to roll themselves cigarettes.

"What did you put her down for? Won't she freeze?"

"Never mind, we'll thaw her out in a minute," said the orderly. "Why do you ask, do you know her?"

"She crossed with us once, before the river froze," the soldier said. "She was a good nurse, only still very young."

"She's very young," the orderly agreed.

Covering their cigarettes with their hands, each of them took a light from the soldier's cigarette, also cupped in his hand.

"How I wanted to smoke!" the orderly said. Then both of them, after they had inhaled deeply several times, carefully put out their cigarettes, tucked them in the folds of their caps, and picked up the stretcher again.

Just after this Anya suddenly recovered consciousness, perhaps from the cold, perhaps from the light squeaking and the swaying motion. She opened her eyes and saw the black sky above her, and round her, out of the sides of her eyes she saw that everything was white, nothing but white.

In the first second she realised that the Volga had frozen and that she was being carried across it. But then her thoughts began to grow confused, and it seemed to her it was not she who was being carried but that she was carrying someone and saying as she always said: "Gently, brother, we'll be there right away."

In actual fact it was not she who was saying this but the orderlies who had just heard the droning of a German aeroplane. They were saying: "We'll be there right away," trying to reassure each other, but it seemed to her that she was saying it, and in her thoughts she tried to carry the stretcher more carefully so that it wouldn't bounce so much.

Then it seemed to her that it was Saburov who was lying on the stretcher and that it was to him she was saying: "Brother," but that she did not yet know him and that he did not know who she was.

Then she wanted to explain to him and she said something, but he was not listening. So she said something more. At this point her thoughts became completely confused and she lost consciousness again.

"How she's growling, the poor girl," the orderly said.

Meanwhile the aeroplane had circled several times over the river and dropped a flare rocket which made everything suddenly white and clear. After the rocket came the bombs. They fell to the right and to the left of the people carrying stretchers. The orderlies dropped the stretcher on the ice and threw themselves flat on the ground. Then



They stood, solemn in this great hour. The sound of their own guns came to them across the distance.

when more bombs exploded and the aeroplane began to drone again in new circles over them, they stood up without a word, picked up the stretcher, and strode on, with the heavy steps of men who are hurrying.

Someone shouted out in front of them: "This way with the stretchers." Behind a snowdrift, at the place where the first sledge road began, could be heard the squeaking of wooden runners on the snow and the neighing of horses.

At five in the morning General Protsenko summoned all his regiment and battalion commanders.

The night before Protsenko had had a meeting with a member of the Military Council, and though it had not been definitely said, he had inferred that something momentous was afoot. In fact, he had come from the meeting glowing with such

clean silk cloth against his skin. Remizov arrived at six sharp, with the punctuality of an old soldier. The others came a couple of minutes early or a few a little late.

"Well, comrades, pour yourselves a drink, please," Protsenko said, when they were all seated.

When vodka had been poured for each of them there was a little pause. Then Protsenko said:

"I haven't brought you here for a conference, but simply to meet with each other, and to look each other in the eye. Maybe we won't all live through to the happy hour" (the words "happy hour" sounded unexpectedly solemn) "so I wanted us all to gather here to look at each other and to feel sure that every one of us will stand to the end. Or even if not every man of us, still the division will live through until the happy hour."

"Our first drink to-night," he stood up, and all the others rose with him. "We will drink to there being, and soon, a parade on our street, too."

In this phrase, which had been quoted by many people in the last few weeks, and in the way he said it, there was something especially solemn.

After the first toast there was a little silence. They all ate like wolves, for during the last few days the provisions situation had been bad, and the only reason people had not noticed they were hungry was because they were too tired.

Then the second toast was proposed, which was traditional in every division with self-respect, the toast to the day when it might be made a Guards Division. After

this, they all drank as they liked, each making separate toasts with his neighbors.

Protsenko joked a good deal, and was warm and cordial to everyone. Although he wanted several times to turn first to one then to another officer with some concrete question which suddenly occurred to him, he restrained himself. He did not want to break the general atmosphere of solemnity and friendly hospitality.

Saburov sat next to Remizov, directly across from Protsenko, and was able to watch the general all evening. He had known Protsenko a long time and very well, and he could see something in the general's eyes which was perhaps not so noticeable to the others.

From the way Protsenko talked and carried himself, everyone felt his belief in the future and in the fact that everything would turn out well for them in the long run. But besides this Saburov saw in Protsenko's eyes, in some of his movements, in an expression on his face, that Protsenko not only knew everything would be all right, but had also guessed how this would happen.

When the time came to leave, Protsenko again looked round the officers sitting at the table.

"There sits Remizov," he thought. "Before him his regiment was commanded by Popov, and he's dead. Before Popov, it was Babchenko, and he's dead, too. There sits Annenaki; he may be a little weak to command a regiment, but just the same he's gone through the whole school of siege and his regiment has gone through it, too, and he knows how to command."

Please turn to page 23

*"Gee, Daddy!...they're
Eagley,
just like yours"*



Is he proud! His new Chubby Socks are Eagley "Nevashrink" — just like his Daddy's. Well may he boast — "They're prettier 'an yours!" — for he has pairs in the jolliest pastel shades of Wren Blue, Galah Red, Owl Fawn, Dove Grey, Rosella Green, Canary Yellow, and Swan White, to match any of his little jerseys. And what a boon they are to Mother! Made of the finest and softest wool that ever kept little feet cosy and warm through the coldest days, they never shrink or mat. Eagley have treated them with their exclusive "Nevashrink" process, making them the most outstanding advancement in Children's Hose for years.

Your favourite store has Eagley Chubby Socks in all these sizes—3 (5½ inches), 4 (6 inches), 5 (6½ inches), 6 (7 inches), 7 (7½ inches), 8 (8 inches); 1/9 and 1/11 a pair. Be sure to ask for "Nevashrink" . . . made only by Eagley. Supplies are still limited.



for tiny tots

ALL WOOL GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE

ECS.2974

Something for lunch

A WIFE of some years' standing and wise to the various origins of the amazing ideas with which my husband frequently harasses the household, I have come to hold in chief dread a sinister personality who passes under the seemingly innocuous nom-de-plume of a Bloke I Met on the Tram.

I may be quite fearlessly shelling peas on a Saturday morning when this uncanny force impresses its being.

I hear a familiar step, a good deal of clatter, banging, and whistling, and a male form enters. But is this my husband, who presently stoops to implant a casual kiss on the back of my neck?

No. Alas! It is a Zombie or a Kordie or something. One of those creatures with a body but no mind of its own. A mere shell, inhabited by the soul of the Bloke on the Tram.

The thing remarks, in a deceptively ordinary voice, "What's for lunch?"

"Well—I did aim to have a lamb stew, but you're home hideously early. Perhaps we'll have sausages."

"Sausages, eh? Hmmmm. . . . Then the voice of the Master comes through.

"I was talking to a bloke on the tram to-day. You know how I was a bit off color this morning? Well, he reckons it's indigestion I've got. Suffered with it for years. Went

By JEANNE MULLINS

to a hundred quacks. In the end he cured himself."

"An interesting conversationalist," he reckons. All comes from the stomach. Yes, we eat all wrong, he says. Too much cooked food."

"Are you suggesting we have this chops raw?"

"Don't be silly, darling. This is serious. I mean a man might be laying the foundations of a serious disease, eating all this hot food and that. This bloke on the tram reckoned we shouldn't eat meat at all!"

"What do we eat then?"

"Oh, vegetables and fruit and stuff. Nuts and things. But raw! That's the main thing. Down with the cooking."

"I'm all for it. Anything to lighten the little woman's burden."

"Well, what do you say we try it for lunch? This chap says you don't know how delicious a plate of scraped apple and turnip can be."

I glance out the window at the freezing day and give a slight shudder. "It's just the thought. It sounds so cold, doesn't it?"

"Nonsense! That's just pandering to bad habits. You've got to have everything hot because it's a cold day. Don't you realise you'll be warmer when you've eaten a genuine calorie-filled meal than after a pound of those sausages?"

"Will I?" I say meekly, casting a plaintive glance at the sausages and seeing them all round and brown and smoking, covered in rich, warm gravy.

I gulp a little. But the Spirit of the Bloke on the Tram is strong. I am in his thrall.

"O.K. Carry on. What'll we have?"

"Have we got some lettuce? You

wash that, eh? I'll do the vegetables. Where's the grater?"

The lettuce washed, I have a peep at what he's up to, and find he has two dinner plates rather untidily sprinkled with grated carrot and turnip and some unidentifiable brown stuff.

"Oot! What's that? I don't fancy the look of that!"

"Eh? What? Oh, that's apple. Seems to have gone a bit brown since I scraped it. It's all right, though. Just the air or something. Still packed with vitamins!"

I gaze on it with more dismay than artistic appreciation. "Is that all we're going to eat?"

"Oh, yes. This'll be heaps. This is concentrated nourishment. This bloke on the tram says we eat far too much, anyway."

"But I'm so hungry."

"Look, darling. What fills you up, you see, is the vitamins and proteins and things. Well, raw vegetables contain more of these than pounds of sausages!"

Cold drink

I MOAN gently. "Do stop talking about sausages. All right. Come on, I'll just make the tea."

"Whoa! Whon, there! No tea. No sir! Tea's poison. You can have orange juice."

"We haven't any oranges."

"Ehmm. Well, tomato juice."

"No tomatoes."

"I saw a tin of tomato juice somewhere. I'm sure."

"What were you doing poking about in my pantry? It's tomato puree, anyway."

"What's wrong with that. Dilute it with water. Just the shot."

We eventually sit down with a plate of salad apiece and a glass of this watery tomato stuff and some brown bread.

I am instructed to drink all the tomato juice down first. But one sip finishes me.

"Ugh. It's revolting. It tastes just like sump oil."

"Don't be silly. Here, have a raisin."

"A raisin? What on earth for?"

"You should always start with a raisin. Raisins and nuts first."

"That's ridiculous. Everyone knows you eat dessert last!"

"The Bloke on the Tram says that's where we make the mistake. They should be eaten first to pave the way."

"Oh, I see. Stoves and all. I beg your pardon. Pass the salt."

"You don't need salt. There's enough natural salt in raw vegetables."

"What? Lettuce without salt? Impossible! I must have some."

"You know you should really have more considerations for me. How do you think I'll feel if you go dying off from indigestion about fifty, and I go dragging on to ninety?"

"You can always commit suicide."

"That's an utterly heartless outlook. Well, that's that! Now all you do is rinse the things under the tap and the whole dreadful business of lunch and washing-up and everything is over! Isn't it simple?"



BILL BUSILY grates some carrot and turnip while I think of steaming hot sausages.

"I still feel strangely empty."

"You'll be right, you'll find. The vitamins and things will start working soon and fill you up."

"You give me the creeps. Let's get out of here. Now we've got so much spare time I'll have to think up a hobby."

Ordinarily after our usual Saturday lunch it is well after three before I can relax. On this particular day sitting about from 12.30 onwards made the afternoon unbearably long.

At three o'clock I let out a despairing howl, and Bill compassionately suggests afternoon tea.

"We'd better let ourselves down lightly. Wouldn't be good to cut down the eating too quickly. You just relax, honey. I'll rustle up something."

I say I'd much rather do it myself, but in my weak state I am cowed with a glance, and he goes off muttering darkly that he doesn't trust me.

Years later he returns with a tray.

I sit up with alacrity. "Tea! Darling, how heavenly! What's under the cover?"

"Er—oh—ah! Just a little something. Must take things gently, you know. Wouldn't be good to . . ."

"You said all that before. What is under the cloth?"

I snatch off the cloth. My ravenous eyes fall on sandwiches. Great thick doorsteps of sandwiches.

"What's in them?"

He grins down at me. "I did it for you, darling. Pork sausage and pickles!"

Stuart Crystal

It won't be very long now, we hope, before the sparkle of Stuart Crystal returns again to your table. This lovely English cut glass adds such graciousness to living and makes a wedding present that every bride treasures all her life through. Soon, it will be back, in charming new designs and many old favourites.



STUART & SONS LTD., STOURBRIDGE, ENGLAND.
Australia: L. J. Wahlers & Co., Tasmania House,
Petersen Lane, Melbourne, 210, Clarence St., Sydney.



is wisdom's way—
Control of a cold without delay.
Malignant croup needs a "first-aid" night.
An instant dose saves many a sigh.
The bottle on hand must be "the best".
The treatment we trust by time and test—
For children's colds, there's "check" at command.
With **WOOD'S** Great Peppermint Cure on hand.



Thanks to

LAXETTES

Everyone needs a laxative sometimes . . . a gentle, effective, non-habit-forming laxative . . . a laxative that may be given safely to quite young children . . . in fact, Laxettes, the chocolate laxative, packed in tins for your protection . . . 18 for 1/7

The gentle and effective laxative

The delicious blend of choice



TROPICAL FRUITS



DOMESTIC FRUITS



VEGETABLES



SPICES

make **HEINZ 57** BEEFSTEAK SAUCE

the perfect flavouring for



GRILLS



FISH



CASSEROLES



RISSOLES



SOUPS



HAMBURGERS



RAREBITS



GRAVIES



EGG DISHES



CHEESE DISHES



SAVOURIES



STEW



SANDWICHES



PIES



BEEF OLIVES



MEAT LOAF

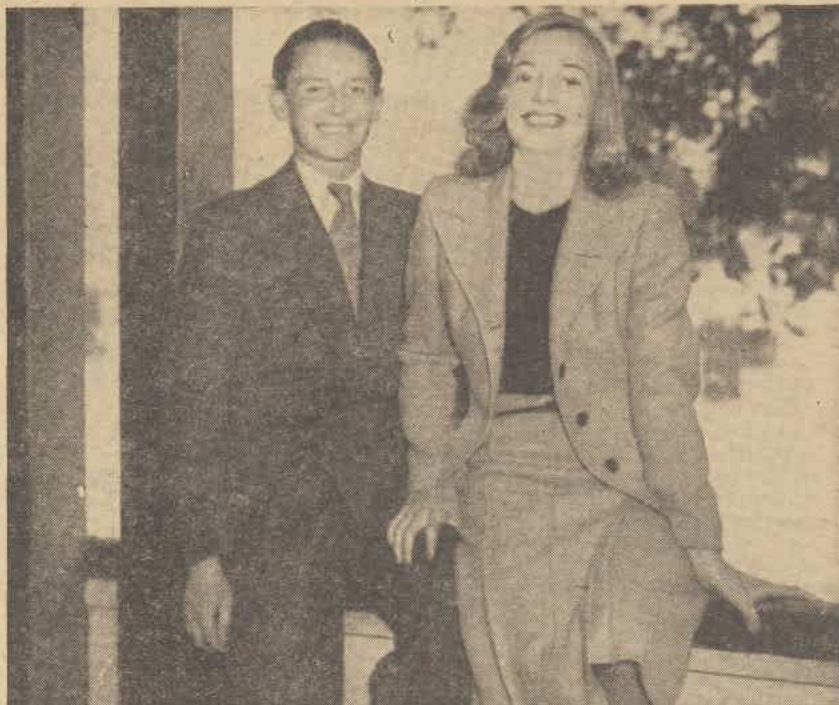


SAUSAGES

It's different It's economical
a little gives a lot of flavour and
it's made by

HEINZ

Lovely Australian girl to marry Duke's aide



HAPPY COUPLE. Virginia and Michael photographed in the garden of home of Virginia's mother, Mrs. William Crossing, of Double Bay. Photo by Monte Lux.



CELEBRATION PARTY. Major Hawkins (second from right) and his fiancée celebrate at family dinner party at Prince's. Also in the picture are Jane Sandy (left) and Squadron-Leader Geoffrey Frew, R.A.A.F. Miss Heath's mother and her brother were also in the party.

MISS VIRGINIA HEATH, who has announced her engagement to Major Michael Hawkins, A.D.C. to the Duke of Gloucester.

Major Hawkins, Virginia Heath plan summer wedding

By JOYCE BOWDEN

First Australian girl to announce her engagement to a member of the Duke of Gloucester's staff is blonde and beautiful Virginia Heath, who is to marry Major Michael Hawkins, A.D.C.

When the ducal household arrived in Australia in February, 1945, and it was learned that all members of the Duke and Duchess' personal staff were bachelors, there was, of course, conjecture as to who would be the first to "go off."

MAJOR MICHAEL HAWKINS is the second. The first was Brigadier Schreiber, who married Viscountess Clive last year.

Virginia and Michael first met at a cocktail party at Admiralty House, Sydney, shortly after the ducal household arrived out here.

Virginia is the only daughter of Group-Captain Noel Heath, R.A.A.F., of London, and of Mrs. William Crossing, of Double Bay. She is the granddaughter of the late Sir Claude Reading and of Lady Reading, of Edgecliff.

Aged 20, Virginia is a tall, slim

blonde. She was educated at Frensham, Mittagong, N.S.W., and then attended Hopewood House finishing school at Darling Point, Sydney.

After finishing school Virginia took a secretarial course and later worked for the American Army. Recently she has been secretary to Dr. Lorimer Dods in Macquarie Street; he is one of the physicians to the ducal household.

Last November Virginia was one of the few young people to attend the wedding in Canberra of Brigadier Schreiber and Lady Clive.

Like so many of our young debutantes, Virginia went stockingless, preferring her own tanned legs to rayon stockings.

Even before the wedding, their regular attendance at Prince's was noted.

Society columns remarked that the young couple had been seen leaving the night-club in one of the Vice-Regal cars, and another time Michael and Virginia were seen dashing down to Palm Beach in a jeep—Michael in civvies and Virginia in snappy sports attire.

At Christmas, a Sydney social writer published the news that Michael's Christmas gift to Virginia was a beautiful gold cigarette-lighter.

The initials on the lighter are, of course, V.H.—Virginia Heath—and will not have to be altered when she changes her name to Hawkins.

Another gift from Michael is a tiepin with his regimental crest engraved on it.

Virginia's ring, a lovely deep ruby, is circled in diamonds, and set in a fine gold setting.

For her engagement party she wore a mousseline de sole gown in a

Paisley pattern with pale yellow the predominating color.

Th gold in her dress matched the gold in her hair, and she pinned the gift of her fiancé, a lovely white orchid, to the corsage of her gown.

Guests included Virginia's mother, Mrs. William Crossing, her young brother, Peter Heath, who came with Jane Sandy, and Squadron-Leader Geoffrey Frew, R.A.A.F.

No special dinner was ordered for the party, but the guests toasted each other in Australian champagne which Michael had sent down himself.

One of Virginia's favorite dance tunes, "I Dream of You," was specially played by Leo White's band.

The words are:

"I dream of you all through the day, Of what you're doing, dear, of what you say,

When I'm all alone, feeling low, Every thought of you cheers me so."

Noted for her flair for dressing,

Copyright of song, J. Albert and Son Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Virginia's favorite color is red. She is not in the true sense an outdoor girl, but loves swimming and dancing, and in the summer she is a frequent bather at Redleaf Pool, Double Bay. She is also fond of music and reading.

Michael, who is 31 years old, is the son of Mr. L. G. Hawkins, of Norfolk, England, and the late Mrs. Hawkins. He served with the 10th Royal Hussars—the Duke's own regiment.

He lost his left arm in Libya, where he served from November, 1941, to June, 1942. Later he served in Italy, Sicily, and North Africa, and returned to England to take up his present appointment on the Vice-Regal staff.

The handsome young pair plan to be married at the end of the year. Virginia's birthday is on December 31, so she will have a lot of excitement with her wedding and coming-of-age so near each other.

After their marriage Michael and Virginia will make their home in England.

JUNE 8, 1946

VICTORY AND SACRIFICE

THIS week the Empire celebrates last year's victory with holiday and parade.

It is too much to expect that these official celebrations will recapture the spontaneous exultation experienced in the hour of victory.

The joy felt then has long been supplanted by a philosophical submission to the disappointing conditions of the present uneasy peace and by anxious forebodings that even this may not last long.

Here in Australia we have more to celebrate than most. We live in one of the few countries where the threat of famine is not an immediate danger and where victory can be celebrated at tables laden with good food.

In London, where our troops will march this Saturday, the people must have done some very earnest counting of blessings if they approach their holiday in any spirit of celebration.

Even their blessings are negative—no battles, no bombs.

Hungry, weary, harassed by many cares, they may well feel that circuses without bread are not much fun.

The sacrifices they are making by voluntarily diverting much-needed food to starving Europe have no equal anywhere in the world.

Some day historians will record that they were magnificent not only in the time of danger and bloody struggle but also in the dreary stretch of stoic endurance which is their bitter fruit of victory.

After all, it may be fitting that they celebrate now. This latest victory of the spirit over the flesh is perhaps the greatest they have won.

Watched struggle between old and new China

By BETTY NESBIT

In the twenty-five years that Lady Maze, wife of Sir Frederick Maze, former Inspector-General of the Chinese Maritime Customs Service, has lived in China she has watched the continually growing struggle between old and modern China.

"It is a historical period whose outcome will probably have a far-reaching effect on the world," she said in an interview when she recently arrived in Sydney.

LADY MAZE, who is an Australian, is a sister of the late Dr. H. H. Bullmore, a well-known Sydney doctor. Before her marriage to Sir Frederick she was Miss Laura Bullmore.

This is her first visit to her homeland for 13 years, and her husband's first visit to Australia. They plan to spend six months here, seeing as much of the country as possible.

"The old China is reflected in such systems as child labor, the concubine custom, and the masculine determination to keep women in the home," she said.

"The new China can be seen in the demand for education by the young people, and the industrialization which has done so much to bring emancipation to women."

"The fact that so many Chinese girls and boys go to America or England to be educated is always bringing new ideas into the country."

"Often in the domestic lives of, say two officials in a Government service, or two professional men both doing the same work and on the same salary, one can see expressed the two opposing viewpoints."

"For instance, one clings to the old way. He has a devoted wife who gives her time solely to the house and their children. She has no other life apart from that."

"In accordance with the old custom, her husband has two or three concubines."

"The other man is modern. He was educated at Harvard or Oxford. His wife enjoys the same social privileges as he does. She has her car, sometimes even a plane. She accompanies him to parties and receptions."

"She is, as in European countries, a companion as well as a wife."

"However, it is only in the cities, more particularly in the south, that one finds such emancipation. In the country the people are not so progressive."

"The students of China are most aesthetic young people. They lead the radical thought of China, and it is they who cry loudest for 'China for the Chinese.'"

"The students are very disdainful of the leisured Chinese women, who devote much time to their clothes and who are extremely beautiful."

"Their coiffures and make-up are always exquisite. One woman I know used to take two hours to put on false eyelashes. Each sweeping lash was put on separately."

A long residence in China has convinced Lady Maze that the Chinese people have a deep and rich philosophy which is a fascinating study for European people.

"Their sense of humor is infallible," she said.

"The early stages of the war against Japan seemed to touch their life very little except for the growing industrialization."



LADY MAZE, wife of Sir Frederick Maze, former Inspector-General of the Chinese Maritime Customs Service

"In Shanghai, where I lived, only a fraction of the population of some 4,000,000 was absorbed into industry. The most visible effect of the war was the rise in prices, but even with more people working the standards of living did not go up."

"The young women went readily into the factories, and they worked very hard."

"It is a terrible thing, however, to see little boys of 12 and under working in the carpet factories. Most of the embroidered lingerie on sale in other parts of the world is made by child labor."

"No one in China, except the more progressive elements and many Europeans, ever tries to abolish child labor," she added.

In the opinion of Lady Maze, the most outstanding woman in China to-day is Madame Kung, the elder of the three famous Soong sisters. The other two sisters are Madame Sun Yat Sen and Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

"The outside world does not hear so much of Madame Kung," said Lady Maze, "but I consider her an ever greater personality than her more publicized sister."

"Madame Kung's home was in Shanghai, and my husband and I were frequent visitors there."

"She has a brilliant brain, and is far-seeing in three ways—financially, politically, and socially."

"She is a remarkable orator, and speaks English perfectly."

Our New Serial

FIRST intriguing instalment will appear next week of "Land of the Torrenes," our new serial by the brilliant and versatile American author Clarence Budington Kelland.

Trouble begins when two rival mining companies plan to beat each other to a rich find of ore in wild, unexplored fastnesses where Arizona and three other States converge.

There is a wealth of action, excitement, and suspense, while a delightful and provocative romantic interest is sustained throughout by the presence on the expedition of a lovely girl who scorns men's admiration, and an attractive young scientist who thinks he is more interested in archaeology than in lovely girls.

"She is also an indefatigable organizer, and directs the activities of dozens of committees."

"I often met Madame Chiang Kai-shek at her home, but always felt that Madame Kung overshadowed her in personality."

One of Lady Maze's neighbors in the French Concession, where she lived, is the well-known and extremely unconventional American author Emily Hahn.

"She is a very pretty woman, very alive and vivacious. At one stage Emily caused some consternation by having almost a zoo of monkeys in her garden."

"All her friends in Shanghai liked her husband, Major Boxer, who is an Australian."

"He was in the British Intelligence Service, and came to China from Singapore."

When the Japanese occupied Shanghai in December, 1941, Sir Frederick and Lady Maze had their house seized by the Japanese, and were forced to live in a tiny flat for which they had to pay a rental of £14 a month. This money came out of the £20 they were allowed to draw from their bank account.

"The worst moment of the whole occupation for us was in March, 1942, when the Japanese Gestapo arrived at our flat at 3 a.m. and arrested my husband for espionage," she said.

"They searched the flat and took away every piece of paper that had anything at all written on it."

"I only learned that my husband had been taken to the notorious Bridgehouse Prison when one of his friends, who had just been released, came and told me."

"He was herded into a cell with 20 Chinese criminals."

"After a month he was released."

"It was quite a common occurrence to be arrested for espionage. Anyone who wanted 200 dollars (that was the reward for reporting a spy) went to the police and said that so-and-so was acting suspiciously. Of course, the man or woman was immediately arrested."

Sir Frederick and Lady Maze were finally repatriated with members of the Diplomatic Corps in August, 1942.

They sailed from Shanghai to Portuguese East Africa in a Japanese liner in which they had had many peacetime trips.

"My husband then flew to Chungking to continue his work for ten months, after which time he resigned."

When her husband returned to Africa they lived in Capetown, where he acted as political adviser to the Chinese Government.

Interesting People



MR. F. W. WOOD

... radio Washington
MR. F. W. WOOD is first Australian in charge of Carnegie Institute's observatory at Watheroo, Western Australia. Watheroo, which reports daily to Washington by shortwave, is studying nature of magnetic and electrical properties of the earth, and also of atmosphere to height of about 200 miles. Mr. Wood devotes considerable time to furthering activities of Australian Association of Scientific Workers. In 1943 he visited United States for Radio Research Board Conference.



MISS MARSIE GODFREY

"Kit" scheme
MISS MARSIE GODFREY, lecturer to Tutorial Classes, Sydney University, is sponsor of scheme aiming to bring adult education to small interested groups of country people. Groups will be supplied with series of "Kit" leaflets suggesting books for reading and discussion—the "Traveller's Kit" for those interested in international affairs. "Reader's Kit" for literary groups. Books will be drawn from the Tutorial Library specially handed over to the Public Library for the scheme, which will also work in conjunction with Y.W.C.A., C.W.A. and Girl Guides.



PROF. HUGH CAIRNS

... brain surgery
BRILLIANT South Australian brain surgeon who was flown to death-bed of General Patton, Professor Hugh Cairns, 49, describes modern surgery as "exciting and very expensive." Achieving world-wide fame for his brain surgery, Professor Cairns during the war saved 94 per cent. of the critical British servicemen brain cases who passed through his hands. An old boy of Adelaide High School, Professor Cairns gave up his London practice to return to Oxford as Nuffield Professor of Surgery.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

MEET UNITY...she's the toast of London



CUTE, AREN'T I? I'm Unity, £2000 baby giant panda, and I've just moved into London Zoo.



THESE BAMBOO SHOOTS are just like the ones mother fed me back on the borders of Tibet.



WHO SAID my spirits had drooped after the 8000-mile journey in an ice-cooled plane? Look!



PANDAS are pretty exclusive people. Took 100 hunters finally to locate me.



O.K., BOYS, I said, I'll go quietly—if the bamboo shoots go with me.

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 8, 1948



ONE MORE POSE for the photographer? Certainly, sir. How's this one, showing a very smart, highly educated panda making a good old V for Victory sign with bamboos. Applause, please!



EXCUSE ME, BOYS, while I have one for the road. Guess it's not such a bad life here. Plenty of pandering to me. I don't often make puns, but that one was inevitable. Hope it doesn't create pandemonium. Wow!

Sweetest Way Home

Continued from page 3

HE young man said lightly, "I'm out of touch with things. After all it's been thirty-eight months. I was flying till my ears got bad. A civilian," he announced, "of one day's standing. Flew home yesterday to see the folks. And flew east to-day to get a sample of my girl."

"Such a small appetite," Deborah said. "No. Fine thing is, she's up in Hartford, locked in a hotel room."

"Sounds desperate!" said Deborah. "Was it Karloff?" "No, it's a play she wrote—a stage play. They don't open them, you know, here in New York. They open them in places like Hartford. So I'm heading for the opening. It's to-night. Only yesterday they had a dress rehearsal. And those twenty-five backers were there. Apparently, they're anything but experts, but just having money in the show makes them all know what's wrong with the play. It needs work! It needs twenty-two different kinds of work. So Kay's crazy with eleventh-hour changes, locked in this room."

"Yes. I see your problem. You want a gift to bowl her over. And console her," Deborah said.

"And for coming home. And for the opening. All rolled into one. And that's where you come in." He whipped out the usual photo. "May-be you know her? She's Kay Wells." It rang a bell. Deborah said, "She wrote that book—"

"Lake Shore. It burned Chicago up. And it took her to the coast for the movie. She's been going places fast since I left. Lake Shore was clever," he said thoughtfully.

"Yes, clever, thought Deborah. And smart. But not deep. And not warm like you. She glanced at the picture. "She's terrific! Why does she write with such a face?"

"Brains before beauty," he looked pleased. "Yes, Kay's quite a formidable person."

She's gorgeous, thought Deborah, and I don't like her. The handsome, neat looked hard and hard to handle. As if he read her thoughts he quickly said, "I don't go for that picture much. Press agent job, pretty posy. But I thought it might just give you an idea."

"It does!" Deborah said excitedly. "I think I've actually got it. Look—run down to the third floor. In half an hour the store closes! We've some very special mandarin coats. They look like her!"

He jumped up. "You know, you're probably a genius! Thanks!" he said. "I run." And he ran.

Deborah returned to her mail. Time ticked by. Typewriters started shutting and going under cover for the week-end. What had made him so sure he'd report back? Sometimes they did, mostly not.

And now here he was, coming through the doorway! "Good! I'm in time!" he called, breathless.

"Plenty of time," said Deborah serenely. "I'm being kept in after school!" She smiled at his box. "I'm glad," she said. And she was. It was the right thing for that person up in Hartford.

But now he was saying, signing off things—about hoping he'd be seeing her some time and the name was Glenn Williams, by the way. And several amiable pleasantries changed hands and then, "Good-bye and luck," she said, "with everything!"

After that, the sixth floor was very quiet. Outraged, Deborah went to work.

She must have worked very hard indeed, for quite suddenly there he was standing right in front of her! "Oh," she said, "you scared me."

He said, "Sorry! I keep landing on you like a beachhead. Want me to take off?"

She said, "No. This is nice. Sit down." So he did.

"Scrubwoman let me in," he told her. "I knew the password. Sixth floor. Mrs. Gorman. Business!" he hissed.

"Makes good blasing," said Deborah. She was thinking, now I'll explain away that "Mrs." But she didn't. Not then. For he looked wrong. He looked—shot down!

He was making a nice try at lightness. "Well," he said, "seems my

trip to Hartford's off! For to-day, anyway. I just telephoned Kay and she practically begged me not to come. You see, she's really pretty frantic with this opening. And she says my coming needs an occasion to itself."

"I get what she means," said Deborah, throwing him a lifeline, which he caught.

"Oh sure," he agreed. "She's got a point there."

Maybe several points, thought Deborah. He was searching her face for signs of excess feeling, but not finding any, he let out another notch.

"Besides which," he confided rather wryly, "in her frenzy she forgot to get me a room in Hartford!"

Deborah just said, "So?"

"So," he shrugged, "I'm going up to-morrow night. By then I'll get a room. Well—she's having a play! I have to humor her!"

Deborah held out cigarettes. "Try these," she urged. "You'll hate them."

He offered his instead. "These are good. No, keep them! To remem-

Animal Antics



"That's the smartest deat and dumb parrot I ever saw."

ber me by." He went on, "I called everyone I knew here in town. Three of the four were out, and the other hasn't a spare bed. And of course the hotel situation's pretty bad. I thought you might just maybe know something. You had an idea for me once so I suppose I hoped you might go in for mass production." He laughed. "Got a hotel room up your sleeve?"

"Not a hotel room," said Deborah. "But I think I've got something for the room-lots." Then she told about Lynn's getting married and leaving her place across the hall to rent and get cleaned. "And since I've done neither," she said, "you can have it for to-night, if you like."

"I like!" He was staring at her, dazzled. "You're like a genie from a bottle that serves you up your wishes a la carte!"

Trouble with those genies, she said idly, "they never get back in their bottles." She was writing the address on a card. She handed it to him and he thanked her. Then she wrote an introduction to the superintendent and gave it to him with Lynn's key. And he thanked her. And then she showed him a place across the street where he might get some tickets for a show. He said it got monotonous thanking her.

"Well," he rose, "you have work to do. I won't buzz round you like a fly any longer. I'll hop off for apartment 10 and have a nap and a shower."

"No," she said. "No shower till I get home. You have no towels!" They laughed.

"OK. Till towel time then!" And he went—all of six steps. Then he came back. Deborah laid her pencil down. "What now?"

WHEN Qantas Empire Airways recently invited us to send a representative on a goodwill flight over Sydney in their very latest England-Australia flying-boat we decided that the person to go was a member of the staff who had not yet flown.

Truth to tell, as a paper whose news-seekers have worn a track over the airways of the world, we have for some time been feeling rather self-conscious at the presence of this odd-world character among us.

First of its class, the Hythe flies to England in five and a half days, its Australian crew being changed over at Singapore for an all-English one.

On the occasion of the goodwill flight, Captain A. Koch had aboard his wife and children, a fact which seemed to fill our hitherto earth-bound representative with the utmost confidence. She enthusiastically reported a color scheme of mushroom-beige and terra-cotta, with chromium fittings; adjustable seats with wire parcel racks above them reminding of suburban railway travel; beige wall-to-wall carpets; and let-down blinds that look as though they would make sleeping a pleasure.

Our nuptial flier was also impressed by the facilities of Rose Bay Flying Base, with its coffee counter, trunk and local telephone-boxes, and magazine stand.

She says it was just lovely after half an hour in the air to open her eyes again and see the solid outline of the base right in front of her.

"Point of information, please! Do I get to see you people to-night?"

"People?"

"Yes. You and Mr. Gorman."

Trapped! She thought. Now I can't tell him! When I've just put him in the place across the hall!

It looks no—

"No," she said tersely, "you won't see him."

"Oh Overseas?" he guessed. Overseas covered it all right. . . .

But then he had to know. "What branch?"

"Quartermaster. Army," she said. Then something went wrong with her sound-track. Her voice was going off all by itself, saying, "He's an older man." (Why had she said that? No co-ordination. No control. Now she was stuck with an older man!)

But he wasn't concentrating now on Mr. Gorman. He was studying her thoughtfully, yet diffidently. "Couldn't be," he put out like a feeler, "you'd be free to-night?"

"No," she said. "I've a date with an old aunt." She had a date with Mortimer, in fact.

But Glenn seemed much cheered. "Oh, an aunt! But old aunts are notoriously soft on lone strangers. Don't you think?"

Deborah was thinking very fast. She really couldn't keep her date with Mortimer, now that she'd invented Mr. Gorman and installed this bright young man across the hall! It was immoral to make Mortimer pay. But she only said, "Well, I could see about my aunt."

In the phone booth she said, "I feel like a dog but, Mortimer, I really have to cancel. You see, there's this old aunt who needs me." (She thought, this is a reversible aunt.) She hung up, gay and giddy with relief. Guilty feelings, doubtless, would come later.

Glenn Williams was studying the view. He quickly turned.

"It's all fixed," she said.

Glenn smiled at her convincingly. "Then you'll have dinner with me! Please, I'd love to talk to you." And then he spoiled it with a thud. "I'd love to talk to you," he said, "about Kay, that is, if you think you could stand it." He went on quickly:

"After all, you're practically a stranger. But you've been so helpful. And you make sense—and have the married point of view—" He broke off abruptly. "Forget it. I'm a little overworked, I guess."

Please turn to page 17

WORTH Reporting

BACHELOR GIRL

I HAVE the loveliest, loveliest flat.
All by myself!
On the hall table there's only one hat—
Only one milk bottle left on the mat—
No crumpled cushions where someone else sat!
I'm all by myself.
Only one toothbrush is hung on the hook.
All by itself.
No looking for towels that someone else took!
When I read a book it's my very own book!
And I read while I eat in my own breakfast nook,
All by myself.
I am the luckiest, luckiest one.
All by myself.
I eat and eat butter until there is none—
I soak in the bath till I'm jolly well done!
You couldn't imagine the wonderful fun
I have by myself.
Then why do you suppose,
When the early whistle blows,
My heart is sad and empty—
And tears are on my nose?
—JESSICA MAY.

Local boy makes good

WE were talking to our favorite cigarette seller on Wednesday, and were interested to learn she had a U.S. sweetheart.

"I suppose you'll be going over with the next batch of brides?" we asked.

"Well, I don't know," she said. "I'm afraid my fiancé will want to marry me if I do, and I'm not sure I want to go that far."

We were surprised at this quaint outlook, but on Thursday she really rocked us.

"Don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels," she said, "getting married to-morrow."

"Has your American arrived here?" we asked.

"Oh, no. I'm marrying my local boy," she answered. "I think it's better, don't you?"

Still likes rice

ONCE you develop a taste for rice you can never have too much of it, according to ex-P.O.W. Corporal Bill Davies, A.I.F.

Corporal Davies was captured in Singapore, and lived on nothing but boiled rice and rice polishings for three years while working on the Burma-Thailand railway.

We met Corporal Davies in Leeton, N.S.W., where he was spending a few weeks' leave from the Army helping with the rice harvest on his brother-in-law's property, "Bundella."

"Rice is good stuff," he said, "and when the harvest's over I'm hoping to have a nice big feed of it again. I've been missing it lately."

OUR London office reports that the London Passenger Transport Board is asking its conductors to find out the names and addresses of passengers who are consistently courteous.

The board intends writing to them to thank them for their politeness.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



Out of danger

WE liked this macabre story of an absent-minded man we know who arrived back in Australia after some years abroad.

Not long in town, he was met by an old friend, a doctor, who insisted that he simply must see over the hospital where he performed all his important operations.

Although he wasn't really very interested the absent-minded gentleman went out for politeness sake and respectfully noted all as he strolled along the wards.

He suddenly realised that he had been taken into the operating theatre.

He exclaimed, "My goodness, old man, surely he won't recover," as he gazed, horrified, at a body on the table.

The doctor looked at him with a pitying smile. "Of course not, we've just been conducting a post mortem."

Liberation souvenir

A SET of gold sleeve-links emblazoned with the Netherlands coat-of-arms is treasured by Squadron-Leader Bill Goodall, who has just arrived in Australia to act as R.A.F. Public Relations officer on the U.K. Liaison Staff.

The links were jubilantly tossed to him by a Dutchman who tore them out of his shirt sleeves when the troops marched into The Hague in May last year.

Squadron-Leader Goodall, who was one of the first British officers to go into The Hague, says he will always wear the links to remind him of this wonderful day spent among thousands of people wild with joy.

Since the war began he has been in 21 countries. His last post was in Berlin, where he spent nine months.

ALMOST every time we go to a symphony concert at the Town Hall we can't help remarking on the rows and rows of music-lovers whose rapt expressions are somewhat concealed by dark glasses.

They are the members of the audience who sit in the organ gallery behind the orchestra.

They need the glasses to shield their eyes from the strong lights which, in order to diffuse light on to the stage, are trained directly on to the organ loft.

Things to come

THE exhibition in Melbourne and Adelaide of the new type of carriages for the South Australian Railways' Overland Express illustrates the result of long research on the part of the department's engineers.

The latest overseas ideas in train comfort have been brought back to Australia by Acting Chief Mechanical Engineer H. Harrison, and adapted to Australian conditions.

The "roomette" or one-berth cabin is an excellent innovation, particularly suitable for a mother travelling with her baby. It is large enough for one bed, with a foot or so to spare for moving round.

When the bed is raised to become part of the wall a most comfortable armchair is revealed and a good-sized sitting-room results, complete with washbasin, hot and cold, toilet, night lighting, plug for an electric razor, wide double-glass window, mirror, and a tailored curtain which draws across the door and also from top to bottom.

A two-berth cabin has easy chairs which fold up and tuck under the wall beds when the beds are let down.

Still another cabin has seating accommodation of four armchairs.

At night these seats are easily adjusted to become the lower berth, and from the ceiling the ready-made upper berth is let down.



LOVELY BRIDE. Veronica ("Ronnie") Stephenson smiles at her husband, Peter, in the vestry at St. Philip's Church Hill, after signing the register. "Ronnie" is twin daughter of the Harold Williams, of Bellevue Hill.



WED AT ST. MARK'S. Captain Alun Rhydderch, A.A.M.C., and his pretty bride, formerly Betty Wharton, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, after marriage. Reception held in ballroom at Australia Hotel.



FIRST NIGHTERS. Mrs. Raymond Meyer, Madge Curtis Elliott, and Margo Curtis Elliott attend opening night of Madge Elliott-Cyril Ritchard at Theatre Royal. Sisters Madge and Margo are nieces of Madge Elliott. Mrs. Meyer was actress Renee Murnah, who has played with Madge and Cyril.



GARDEN study of Mrs. Alex Ryrie (left) and Barbara Fairfax. Mrs. Ryrie, formerly Margot Asher, has been living in Melbourne with her husband, Col. Asher, since her marriage. They will now be stationed at Victoria Barracks.

Intimate Gittings

MANY a Sydney husband will regret his enthusiasm about taking his wife to first night of the Ritchard-Elliott season if her reaction was the same as mine . . . felt I must start afresh with my wardrobe when I saw the lovely gowns paraded across stage at Royal.

Am sure most feminine reactions will be to buy a new gown, as Madge's modern frocks worn in "Ways and Means" and "Shadow Play" are "such stuff as dreams are made on." Particularly admired lovely filmy sage-green stiffened net gown lavishly splashed with gleaming gold sequins . . . her equally charming frock designed for her dance with Cyril—a soft blue chiffon—was also enchanting.

Of course, the white Hartnell model which was worn for a brief few minutes was breath-taking . . . The jewelled cummerbund of the gown and the rich chartreuse lining in the cunningly cut cloak drew an excited buzz of comment from the audience as she made her entrance.

Not only were the gowns on stage exciting, but "out front" the audience sat complete in white ties and tails, lovely gowns and gems, and it was like old times to see the foyer a solid mass of people just before curtain-rise . . . in fact, it was THE social event of the week.

AT curtain-fall the stage was covered with flowers, and, as Cyril put it, "some very odd-looking tropical fruit, which, despite its appearance, tastes delicious" . . . hundreds of relatives and friends of couple surged backstage after the show, and the "lane" at the Theatre Royal was packed with fans and autograph hunters.

Madge changed into an American model frock—black dinner gown with green sequined jacket—and she and Cyril slipped off to Prince's to have supper with old friends.



TO MAKE THEIR HOME in the country. Dr. and Mrs. Peter Stanton-Cook, who were recently married at Shore Chapel. Mrs. Stanton-Cook was formerly Marsha Dunshed. Peter plans to practise in country.



HONEYMOONERS. Ron and Merie Hunter, of Moree, snapped in Sydney. Couple married recently at All Saints' Church, Moree, and after short honeymoon at Armidale plan to spend remainder of honeymoon at Katoomba.



YOUNG PICNICS. Mrs. Venour Nathan, Mrs. Patsy Bird, Carmie Nathan, all of Bowral, who were guests of the Horton Brownes, of "Wirrums," Young.



V.C.'s WEDDING GROUP. Mr. A. R. ("Bo") Cutler and his bride, formerly Helen Morris, leaving St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their marriage. From left to right: The bridegroom's brother, Robin and Geoffrey Cutler, who were groomsmen and best man, the bridegroom, the bride, and bridesmaids Marion Morris and Doone Cutler.

EVEN the night before at the dress rehearsal excitement was high . . . 900 wounded soldiers were among those invited to a preview . . . "We particularly wanted to play to Australian servicemen, because, although both Madge and I are Australians, most of our war work was confined to playing to English troops, with the exception of a few performances at Australia House," said Cyril.

Another nice gesture was Cyril's invitation to nurses from Jenner Hospital, where his mother, the late Mrs. Ritchard, was a patient. Nurses from St. Margaret's Hospital were also invited, as his mother was always interested in the hospital.

DDOUBLE celebration for Guy White, when he has twenty-first birthday party and receives Science degree all on same day. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. White, of Rose Bay, entertain at dinner party at Pickwick Club in his honor, and follow dinner with picture and supper party. Guy, who topped his feat, is doing research work connected with atomic energy. He hopes to go to England next year to further studies.

RETURNED home to their property, "Bardim," Warialda, are Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Hunt, their daughter Shirley, and son Bruce, who came to Sydney for the recent wedding of their daughter Peggy, who married Bill Wyldman at St. James, King Street.

EX-SERVICEWOMEN hope there'll be a grand turn up first big general meeting of the newly formed Women's Services Sub-branch, R.S.S.A.I.L.A., which will be held this Friday in board-room, Anzac House, at 8 p.m. Ex-Australian Lillian Irwin, Mrs. S. M. Palfreyman, and Lorna Hodgson are ringleaders, and hope to see many of their fellow servicewomen who have served overseas and are eligible for membership.

HOME in Melbourne for Dr. Pat Hickey and his bride, formerly Bonnie O'Keefe, of Forbes, who were married recently at St. Patrick's, Church Hill. Couple are now honeymooning at Wollongong.

MY country scout tells me that Joy Prentice's engagement to Clive Millington Bowman is causing local interest. Joy is the only daughter of Rev. A. B. and Mrs. Prentice, of The Rectory, The Rock, and Clive is fifth son of the late Mr. Pearce Bowman and of Mrs. F. Bowman, of "Balmoral," Murrumbidgee. Both young people are descendants of pioneer families in New South Wales, Joy being the great-great-granddaughter of the Rev. George Middleton, who was appointed by the Prince Regent in 1819 to be assistant chaplain to the Colony of New South Wales.

Joyce

We want to shift this shadow !



Behind the *good times* of today is a grim shadow . . . the shadow of depression.

If the present inflationary trend—a result of the Government's *Boom, Borrow and Bust* policy—is allowed to continue, we shall assuredly be caught again in its chilling grip.

By applying wise administration and a planned economy; by providing a balanced programme of public works whereby production would be stepped up to offset unemployment; by reducing the taxation burden

—the Liberal Party will maintain stability and pave the way to a bright and prosperous tomorrow.

In the critical days ahead we want a trustworthy and careful financial policy, we want men of proven ability; we want a Government capable of restoring confidence and stimulating industry. We want a LIBERAL Government.

The Road Back to Freedom is through

THE LIBERAL PARTY OF AUSTRALIA

Authorised by The Federal Secretariat of THE LIBERAL PARTY OF AUSTRALIA

As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNI MARSDEN

GOOD fortune is possible this week for those born under the signs Gemini, Libra, and Aquarius, and they should plan wisely now and seek desired goals.

Arians and Leonians also stand to benefit somewhat, but Sagittarians, Virgoans, and Pisceans should live quietly and avoid losses, discord, and delays.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): June 4 (after 2 p.m.) is good for fairly important ventures, so use well. June 5 fair, 8, 9, and 10 troublesome.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Live wisely now. June 6, 7 (to 8 p.m.) fair; 9 (noon to dusk) very fair; 10 (to 9 a.m.) helpful. Rest of week poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Be confident now, as June brings good fortune. Best days June 4 (after 2 p.m.), 9 (except 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.) and 10. June 6 and 7 poor.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): June 4 (after 2 p.m.) fair, 8, 9, and 10 (to 5 p.m.) tricky. June 10 (after 5 p.m.), 9, and 11 quite fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Make good use of June 4 (especially after 2 p.m.). June 5 (after 9 a.m.), 9 (late afternoon), and 10 (to 9 a.m.) also very fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Live quietly now if you would avoid



"Georgie takes after his father."

divorce, especially on June 6 and 7. Beware unwise changes and decisions.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Plan optimistically and work hard now. June 4 (after 2 p.m.) excellent, 8 very fair; 9 and 10 (after 5 p.m.) also good.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Exercise caution on June 4 and 5. June 9 (late afternoon), 10 (after 5 p.m.), and 11 (except noon to 3 p.m.) fair.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Beware pitfalls of all kinds now, particularly arguments and separations. June 4 deceptive; 5 (late), 6, and 7 all difficult.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Unlucky days now. June 4 (after 2 p.m.) and 7 (2 p.m. to 5 p.m.) fair. June 8, 9, and 10 poor.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Success is possible now, so seek desired goals. June 4 very fair; 9 (to 2 p.m.) good; 10 (to 3 p.m.) excellent.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Live cautiously now, as difficulties crop up, especially on June 5 (evening), 6, and 7. June 8, 9, 10, and 11 fair.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. Juni Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: Black and Red, Page 8, VI-VI.
SUGAR: Black, Red, and Green, Page 7, VI and VI.
BUTTER: Black, Red, and Green, Page 5, 40-42.
MEAT: Black, Page 2, 95-96; Red, Page 3, 91-94; Green, Page 3, 91 and 92.
CLOTHING: VI-56, 57-112.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are helping **BETTY GRAY:** In a world-wide hunt for the clues leading to her uncle's fortune. With each clue is a number, part of the combination of the safe where the money is locked. The money is to go to whoever finds all the numbers first. Betty or her cousins, **AUGUSTA:** Who wants Betty out of the hunt.

PETER: At first Augusta's ally, now in love with Betty. Augusta's new ally is **KRAG:** Who pays natives to kill Mandrake before he can find the fifth clue, hidden in a huge clam off Tahore Isle. In canoes, Mandrake, Peter, and Betty are watching Lothar dive for the clam, when Mandrake is knocked unconscious by a native into the water. NOW READ ON:



IN THE OTHER CANOE, PETE IS WARNED IN TIME--AND GRAPPLES WITH THE NATIVES!

PETE--LOOK OUT!



UNDERWATER--LOTHAR APPROACHES GRANDDADDY CLAM, HOPING TO FIND THE FIFTH CLUE--



BUT HE SLIPS ON THE TREACHEROUS CORAL FOOTING--AND IS CAUGHT IN THE JAWS OF THE GIANT MOLLUSC!



MANDRAKE! PETE! LOTHAR'S CAUGHT DOWN THERE! HE'S CAUGHT! SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!



BUT MANDRAKE, BETRAYED BY THE NATIVE PADDLERS, LIES UNCONSCIOUS IN THE CANOE---



TAKE THAT--MY FINE-FEATHERED FRIEND!

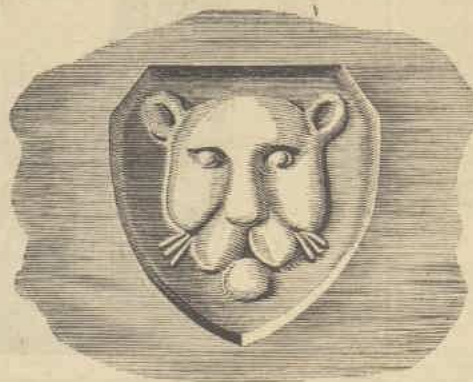
IN THE OTHER CANOE PETE PUTS UP A GAME FIGHT...



BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT--AND KRAG'S ORDERS ARE CARRIED OUT!

To be continued

Proclaiming UNIFORM HIGH QUALITY



As a guarantee of quality, the British hall-mark is accepted throughout the world. Since the year 1300, the Leopard's Head has been the symbol used by London Silversmiths to proclaim unfailing high quality. The symbol of sterling quality found only upon confectionery of the highest grade, is the signature



MacRobertson's



The Sterling
Mark

MAC. ROBERTSON'S

THE GREAT NAME IN CONFECTIONERY

Sweetest Way Home

Continued from page 12

He only wants to talk, she thought. He's lonely. She said warmly, "I know a nice little restaurant. You can sit there and talk about your Kay."

He said, "You're very fine, Mrs. Gorman!"

When he was gone, Deborah sat back and smiled ruefully. Mrs. Gorman, she decided, is a chump. I'm the old aunt, as it turns out. What's how he's using me. An Ear Wired For Sound. A Convoy to his Kay . . . But after all, what have I to lose? Nothing but an evening with Mortimer. At least, this is somebody else. And nice, though the next thing to married. She was glad now she had Mr. Gorman. In a spot like to-night, he was better than no one at all.

And now all the wild Irish in her rose and gave itself with gusto to this whacky game. I can't keep on calling him just "Mr. Gorman," my husband's got to have a proper name. John Gorman? No, Jerry! That's it—Jerry Gorman, lawyer—husband of Deborah Gorman, liar . . . And that guard ring that she never wore would make a very decent wedding ring. But her apartment was unconvincing. She'd have to go out and buy male traces. Just one or two for local color.

So when she'd finished her work about four Deborah went purposefully over to Third Avenue, bought a pipe, and a picture frame in which was shown for display purposes a photo of a solid-looking, middle-aged man.

Carrying her parcel down the street, Deborah laughed. Comic strip things had been happening all day. And no one to tell them to but Pete!

Pete was her wire-haired terrier. "Here," she gave him the new pipe to play with. "Go on, break it in for me, pup!" But then she saw that he was eating it instead. "I take it back!" she said and took it back.

And now she unveiled Jerry Gorman and found him his place in the home. True, he looked a little strange in his fat silver frame, sitting on her modern white bookcase. But still he made an upstanding husband. And she liked him. There was character, fun, in that face.

She chose her subtle grey-green Slade dress to wear that evening. At last, a man who could appreciate it.

And he did. He liked her dog, too; her place (uncluttered yet cosy, he said); her furniture and her pictures. They found they both played the piano and shared the same musical loves. In fact, they had such a good time they started rather late, which gave Deborah just that much less of Kay for dinner.

He wasn't crude enough to introduce her during soup, of course, but he did when the duck arrived, leading up with some of that abstract talk on marriage.

"In the light of your experience," he asked Deborah, "what would you say the chances were of a marriage where the girl works several months at the coast, while the guy stays back home?"

So she just told him what she thought. "Anything could work, I think, if both people care enough and are controlled."

"Care enough," he sipped his wine. "And are controlled. Hm, hm. That's just about how I figured it."

He didn't bore like a dentist's drill, but he did keep reverting to his burning questions. For instance, he confessed to a jealousy problem.

"Oh, I think I'm as civilised as most," he said, "though the war has made me a little sceptical about a lot of things. But, all this palling round with men all the time . . . Take that collaborator guy up there—"

"Then she's not locked up alone?"

"No," he said briefly. "He's with her. But there's nothing between them. She told me."

It went like that, not getting heavy, though over liquors he mullied a bit about technique.

"I must sound like a sad sack," he grinned. "But, well, I'm in one of those spots where it's confusing. For instance, should I assume a fairly early marriage? Or should I be a little more easy, because a lot of unknowns could have crept in? And I'd like to show her that her being in the public eye doesn't make any difference in my eyes."

Deborah found she'd laid her hand on his. "Don't get worried," she

said. "And don't settle for anything that isn't you. That's the gospel after St. Deborah. You know, she's the patron saint of platitudes."

He offered her gratitude for platitudes, and then they had to run to catch their show.

Later when they were out in the cool evening, he said, "I don't suppose married ladies go dancing."

And Deborah said, "I don't suppose they do—with engaged men." But she would have loved to go dancing.

However, over hamburgers they planned to spend the next day together, which involved her in another foul act—breaking her date to go to Carol's.

But it's only this once, she told herself in bed. Then I'll never see him any more. And it was really just as well they couldn't spin this out, because she might have grown to like him very much.

Glenn was over about ten for breakfast, and she saw he looked a little sleepy. It seemed he'd sat up all night waiting for the early Hartford papers to come out with the reviews of Kay's play. He'd had to telephone her five times before he got her, and then the notices were only so-so. But Glenn was really very optimistic. He felt they could fix things—with work.

"Good," said Deborah as she passed him the cream.

But he really wasn't with her at all. He mused, "This'll foul things up some more. She'll be harried and busy all day." He helped himself with generous absent-mindedness. "Kay hates to be caught in a low—that is, when she's not at her glamorous best. She wouldn't even let me watch her learn to ski."

Deborah wondered what their married life would be. She thought he had such nice eyes and a frank grin, and under the charm he was solid. And wouldn't all that be wasted on a woman in love with herself? And the spotlight?

After breakfast they popped round the corner to the little Greek church with the grand music. Then back again to do the dishes. And De-

borah made sandwiches. Then they put Pete in the basket and Glenn took the lunch.

They had a perfect sunlit day in the park, wandering through the startling new zoo.

Then they had lunch on the grass. Now and then they talked.

Then they got up and walked and bought themselves ice-cream, and a bunch of grubby children came along and they treated the whole crowd.

It had been a day to remember, she thought, as he stood, grip in hand, prepared to go, his hat squashed up under his arm. It seemed funny that it had all been so right between them and now he was going.

"I'll tell you know how—how things go up there," he slightly faltered.

"Oh, do let me know about Kay!" she said.

"Good-bye, Glenn." Then they couldn't think of anything to say. Oh, the finale was so fast! So hideously, hopelessly flat, she thought as his steps died out down the hall.

Next morning Deborah practically opened Slade's. All day she worked like an eager little beaver, trying not to snap people's heads off.

She was leaving for work as a little before nine next day when she met the florist's messenger. "Hey, I've got a box for you," he said.

Back inside, with hopping heart, she opened up the box, and there lay a thorny bunch of roses with a card that said, "All clear on the Hartford front! Accept this in lieu of a citation!" She gathered up the awful so fiercely that the prickles pierced her fingers, and dumped the roses down beside Jerry Gorman's picture. "There!" she said. "Feast your eyes on that! If I hadn't had you!" she told him wifely. She put the roses in her best vase.

She was polishing silver that evening, fervently, as though her life

depended on it, when the telephone rang.

"Hello," said Glenn.

"Oh," she said coolly, leaning her head against the wall. "And congratulations too," she added. She was really delighted with her poise. "How's Hartford?"

"Very scenic," he said. "I'm in New York."

"You do get round," she said.

"May I come up and tell you all about it?" he asked.

No, she rebelled. That's too much!

"Well, half an hour," she said promptly.

She rushed round with Pete barking at her heels. "Out of my way, pup! This is not a game!" She hopped into her best yellow dress and grabbed the blue suede belt she'd been saving. Damply, she licked her wild curls.

She was mixing cocktails when he rang.

"That's a good dress," he promptly said. His glance gave her a general good report but she couldn't say as much for him. Whatever his love life was, it wasn't restful.

"Sit down," she said. "Romeo, relax!" When they were settled she dutifully asked the leading question: "Well, was she as glamorous as pictured?"

"More so," he said, draining his drink. "More beautiful, more poised. And more sophisticated."

Yes, omit nothing! thought Deborah. How can you be so insensitive?

But now he was telling about meeting Kay on Sunday night and seeing her on Monday for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, not counting the time at the rehearsal. And Monday night the play went rather better. So Kay took time out and they talked.

"And you were the Boy Who Made Good," said Deborah.

"Who's telling this story, me or you?" he asked. Deliberately, he set his empty glass back. "You know how I was all keyed up," he said.



"Well, here we go again, eh, Miss Talbot?"

"Well, I went higher—to the stratosphere. And then I started feeling low. And I thought, oh, well, that's natural reaction. But when I left her and got back to my hotel, I felt I was over the wrong country. You know?"

"No," said Deborah, "I don't know."

"How can I make you see—in shorthand?" He got up and started walking up and down. He tossed sudden jerky phrases at her: "Hello, you darling!" She calls everybody 'darling'. The producers, the leading man and the collaborator. And me." He paused. "Only she's got the world's glossiest finish. Where I've been all this time they strictly don't go in for glossy finish! Everything's real. No, don't interrupt me!" Deborah hadn't tried.

"I'd never know how much she cared," he blurted, "cause I can't get below the shiny surface! Her lacquer is too good. I tried for hours and couldn't jimmy through! Maybe," he said slowly, "there's just nothing there. Maybe she's just a facade. But you can't keep warm with a facade. And I want warmth. And companionship," he said, "and fun." He added quickly: "Another thing. She said, 'No affair with that guy.' Well, I gave her a no confidence vote!"

Deborah opened her lips. "No, shut up, please! About dawn you got into that room. You said, 'Don't settle for anything that isn't you!'"

Deborah was falling off her chair, for somehow she found herself sitting on the very edge.

"Funny," he was calmer now. "She was with me over there, all that time. And yet she never could have been the right one."

The quiet between them was like listening—listening for a sound that is going, and listening for a sound about to come.

And then Glenn did a very odd thing. He picked up Jerry Gorman's pipe and looked at it. "Nervous sort of chap," he said, "isn't he? Chews his pipe. He's got terribly sharp teeth." He laid the pipe down.

And crossed over to Jerry Gorman's picture. He haunted me and haunted me in Hartford. I thought, where have I seen that face before?"

"You saw it here," Deborah said in a tight voice.

"Yes, here," he agreed. "And elsewhere." He came toward her.

"Tell me, where's Portland?" he asked.

"Are you mad?"

"Very probably. But where is Portland?"

"Portland is in Maine or in Oregon."

"Yes, but I mean your husband's other wife. You know he's got another wife. Portland. Porty. Portland Hoffa!"

She jumped up. "You mean—"

"Yes, idiot child," he said. "That's a picture of Fred Allen! Famous star of stage and screen and known from coast to coast—but not by you!" She collapsed in his arms. "Yes, swoon!" And now both of them were shaking with wild laughter.

Then gravely he asked, "How could you risk it? But for him, I might never have come back!"

"Good old Fred!" she began.

"Mrs. Allen!" he said. "It's been a long way home, but that's the sweetest way." And he kissed her. "Mrs. Gorman," he said. And he kissed her. "In due course—the course starts now—" and he kissed her, "you might consider Mrs. Williams!" Then he kissed her.

(Copyright)

What's on your mind?

Schools as week-end youth centres

ONE of the simplest steps toward combating teenage delinquency would be the conversion of existing high schools into community centres during the week-end.

In America, many schools equipped with swimming-pools, splendid playing-fields, tennis courts, libraries, and lounges are thrown open at the week-end to young citizens. Managed by responsible social workers, they are an irresistible attraction to the crowds of happy young people who gather there to read, play, laugh, or talk with their contemporaries.

Why not the adoption of a similar Week-end Open Schoolhouse idea here? Majority of our schools, admittedly, are not so extensively equipped as the American ones, but with a small expenditure on existing schools or the incorporation of the idea in the building of new ones, the Australian school could soon become the complete youth centre of the community.

We would then be doing a real service for our youth, instead of merely shaking our heads and "but-tutting" their misdemeanors.

51 to N. Williams, 77 St. George's Rd., Toorak, Vic.

Plant "topping"

TOGETHER with many of my friends, I have been a victim of plant "topping," and I think it is time something was done to stop this unscrupulous practice.

I am referring to the many flower and vegetable plant firms who de-

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's on Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 8. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published under pen-names.

Payment of 2s. will be made for first letter used, and 5s. for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

cease unsuspecting customers in the selling of bundles of plants.

Bundles are so arranged that the plants in the shop look healthy and sturdy. The untwisting of the bundles at home reveals a different story. Except for one or two good plants, the rest are too puny and weak for one to waste time planting them.

Not only the small shops are guilty of this practice. It is common among some quite reputable firms, as many of my friends have found to their anger.

Fruiteers, who "top" their fruit in shop windows have nothing on these plant "toppers."

5/- to Mrs. A. E. Smith, Groom St., Gordon Park, Kedron, Brisbane.

Store nursery

PRACTICAL method of attracting business for big city stores would be the setting aside of at least one room in the store as a nursery for children.

Here the children could be happily amused and cared for by a trained nurse or attendant, instead of being dragged around the store by a tired, harassed mother. Mothers would willingly pay any small fee for the nursery service.

5/- to Mrs. R. J. Quennell, 260 South Rd., Kurralta Park, S.A.

Hand-knitted

I AM sure many women will share my dismay at the present prices of hand-knitted woollen garments.

In contrast to the reasonable prices of manufactured woollens, many shops are asking 15 and 20 for hand-knitted sweaters and cardigans. Cost of knitting a short-sleeved sweater with the best wool is about 12/6. Admittedly one expects to pay more for the labor and skill involved in hand-knitted garments, but in the case of these sweaters the cost price and the retail price are quite out of proportion.

The net profit to someone is really staggering.

5/- to H. Walker, 10 Botany St., Randwick, N.S.W.

Embossing

WHAT a pity that young married people early form the habit of wrangling and arguing in public places, in trains, restaurants, even at mealtime in guest-houses.

Often begun as light badinage, it soon develops into heated anger, to the embarrassment of people nearby.



Carried into the home before young children, the wrangling causes discord and a divided opinion in the child's mind towards the parents, when there should only be harmony and affection.

5/- to Miss R. Griffiths, 17 Almer Rd., Canfield, Vic.

BRINGING IN THE RICE

Precious grain will feed starving East



BAG-SEWER, using special leather glove, sews bags of paddy rice as they are dropped off from the header during harvesting on Mr. O. Doyle's property, Doyleton, in the Griffith district.



HORSE TEAM draws the header in the harvesting of this excellent rice crop in the Leeton district.

By Staff Reporter
JOAN POWE

Farmers in the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area in New South Wales have just finished harvesting a crop of 24,000 acres of rice, averaging 2½ to 3 tons per acre—the highest yield of rice grown anywhere in the world.

But although this season's is one of the best crops grown, we won't be seeing any of it in Australia.



FINAL PROCESS in the story of rice. Grains are polished by machines at the Leeton Rice Mill and put in bags for shipment overseas.



PIONEER in the rice industry Mr. John Brady (right) and a Leeton friend discuss the merits of two hunting dogs.

THE entire output, expected to total more than 50,000 tons, will go to help fill requirements in China, Burma, and other countries where rice is the staple diet.

Last week with a staff photographer, I visited rice farms in the Griffith and Leeton districts to watch the harvesting.

This is the only rice-growing district in Australia, and a "gentlemen's agreement" exists between the other States to confine the industry to New South Wales.

We saw our first rice as a pale golden carpet stretching across the flat countryside on both sides of the road, broken only by pigmy men and harvesting machines moving tortuously across its surface.

Watching the men at work on the header, an Australian-designed machine which does practically the whole work of harvesting, it was hard to believe that only 24 or 25 years ago rice-growing was almost given up as a hopeless task in the Irrigation Area.

To the city dweller who associates rice-growing mainly with countries like China and Burma, where all work is done by hand, the highly mechanised aspect of rice-growing in this country is an absorbing study.

Rice is planted round about October in fields known as "bays," divided by raised banks of soil about 18 inches high.

It is watered to germinate, and three or four weeks after it comes above the ground it is flooded.

Water in the Irrigation Area comes in channels from Burrinjuck Dam and the Tumut River, farmers paying 5/- an acre for the water.

Growers try to keep the water covering the crop until about the end of March, when the ground is allowed to dry, and the crop, averaging about 3ft. 6in. high, is harvested during April or early May.

Paddy rice, or the grain still in the husk, grows in ears similar to wheat. Ears are smaller, however, and a deeper golden color.

First ricefields we visited were those belonging to Mr. O. Doyle, in the Griffith district.

He and his two sons were harvesting one of the bays of rice, using a header drawn by three horses.

Before the header was invented round about 1929, rice crops were harvested by a reaper and binder, and threshed separately.

The whole process is now done by the header as it moves across the field, and the paddy rice can be loaded into bags as it is harvested.

Mr. Doyle's son Brian, who is just out of the Navy, was standing on the platform filling the bags as the

header moved along, and the bags were dropped down by the bag-sewer.

Bag-sewing is one of the highly skilled jobs in rice, and sewers are usually workers.

A good bag-sewer should have a few bags behind him, so some can manage when a bag goes.

This is some effort, for members that harvesting usually does not start until after all moisture has finished about 430 miles.

After the bags are sewn, rice is loaded in trucks and either to the mill or to the rice mills in Sydney or Melbourne.

Polishing and

FIRST process in milling is the removal of stalks and husks, leaving the brown rice. This passes through other machines, and is then rubbed off, leaving the white polished rice.

As we tramped through the smelling field in the header I found myself scratching my arm with a stick. "That's the rice itch," said a body who works in the header. "You won't notice it until you're two, but don't have it until you come out in the morning."

Mr. Doyle was one of the settlers in the district, and in 1912 as a dairy farmer, rice-growing in 1927, and of 80 acres this year.

"Given fine weather, I can harvest a crop of about 2½ tons per acre, but if fog or rain can open up, it's a disaster," he said.

When the rice stalks are stuck to the header, and out at the back during the

Rice farming in many areas is entirely a family affair, with little or no hired labor. That was what we found at "The Meadows," property of Mr. A. G. Griffith, who has 55 acres, process of harvesting.

His three sons, Les, Doug, and a daughter, were managing the header, drawn by a caterpillar, his daughter, Doreen, daughter-in-law, and the fields.

While the men took a lunch and a smoke the header was harvesting. On the tractor and back



MORNING TEA BREAK. The Tooth family, Ian (left), Mr. H. L. Tooth, Gwen, 14, and Mr. Tooth's son-in-law, "Flick" Morris, take time off from harvesting the 95-acre rice crop on "Allambie," at Murrumbidgee, near Leeton.



IRRIGATION CHANNEL, shaded by willows, brings water to the ricefields and makes an attractive picture on the property of Mr. D. Fahley, a Griffith rice farmer. Farmers pay by the acre for water used on the rice crop. Pictures by staff photographer Alex Stewart.

HARVEST



RICE EAR before husks and stalk are removed.

According to Mr. Brian Fahley, who has 830 acres of land in the Griffith area producing rice, sheep, and wheat, rice-growing is "a lazy man's job."

Active, grey-haired, and with a bushman's humor, Mr. Fahley says of rice-growing: "If you have water-control there's nothing to it. You can use a pair of pumps and manage the crop without even getting your feet wet."

Farmers in the district agree that rice is singularly free from pests and diseases.

Wild ducks, strangely enough, are the greatest pests encountered in rice-growing, for they pull the young plants up while the crop is under water.

Although so much of the flat district is irrigated for several months, it has been found that mosquitoes do not breed in water where rice is growing.

"Two things only, I was told, are responsible for a poor rice crop—bad land and bad farmers."

In Leeton we met the man who is mainly responsible for the success of the rice industry in Australia, 70-year-old Mr. John Brady, now retired, who last year was given a grant of £300 by the Federal Government in recognition of his services to the country.

Quiet and unassuming, Mr. Brady is chairman of the Rice Marketing Board, and lives with his wife in a pleasant little cottage a short distance from the township.

Mr. Brady was one of the first settlers in the Leeton district, arriving with irrigation officers in 1912.

Early experiments

BEFORE the rice industry was established here, more than \$422,000 worth of rice per year was imported from Burma, in area one of the biggest rice-growing countries in the world.

Farms in the Irrigation Area were mainly dairying, which was not particularly suited to the land, and from 1891 onwards attempts had been made to establish a rice industry there.

More than a thousand different varieties of rice exist, and experiments were made with Indian varieties. But the crop always failed.

Rice was fetching up to \$45 a ton overseas when Mr. Brady went to America to study canning methods there, and he was immediately struck by the similarity of soil and climate in the American rice-growing areas with that of the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area.



GWEN TOOTH, 14, youngest daughter of Mr. H. L. Tooth, a rice farmer at Murrumbidgee, near Leeton, holds up a bunch of paddy rice before the harvesting. The crop is kept flooded during first months of growth, and fields are allowed to dry out about eight weeks before harvesting.

He brought back a small amount of seed from the three main Californian varieties of rice, which were sown in 1922 by Mr. A. N. Shepherd, Agricultural Instructor in the area.

But farmers in the area were tired of the repeated failures associated with rice, and although it thrived little interest was aroused.

Then in 1924 six settlers were prevailed upon to attempt to grow the crop on a commercial basis, planting about 10 acres each.

We visited the farm of one of the original rice-growers, Mr. H. L. Tooth, who now has a 610-acre property, "Allamby," in the Murrumbidgee district, some miles from Leeton.

Standing almost waist high in rice, Mr. Tooth waved his hand in a sweeping gesture encompassing the field.

"It seems only yesterday that rice was regarded as a hopeless proposition in this country," he said.

"I know I myself didn't hold out any high hopes for this first crop in 1924."

"I planted about ten acres in one of the home paddocks in 1924, but when I saw it was doing so well I used to go round at night with a lantern almost watching it grow."

When the first commercial crop was found a success the boom in rice-growing started.



TRACKS LEFT BY THE HEADER make a clear pattern against the rice stalks on the property of Mr. A. G. Kubank, rice farmer, of Griffith. In good weather, harvesting takes about two weeks.

It'll open your eyes

when you find
out what
tests have proved



Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

SEE if you don't find new brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium, the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film... floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter.



For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

Pr. 2.70

Oo! Here's
my Mummy
and she's
got my
PEARS
SOAP!



For Baby's bath—the purest soap in the world! The purity of Pears can be seen—you can look right into the heart of a tablet. And that clear transparent colour is typical of its unique qualities. Pears is the perfect soap for baby's delicate skin and matchless for your own complexion.

Pr. 2.27

BILL said firmly.

"Why do you avoid me all the time? You're always either just going out or just coming in; I never have a chance to talk to you."

"I can't talk electrically," I said. "I felt we just don't have much in common." I started edging out of the room. Just to be in the same room with him hurt.

"Listen," he thundered—yes, he thundered, in a perfectly marvellous masculine manner—"I used to write radio scripts, too. I was a good radio writer, and I used to do commercials for a motor company. So you come back here and talk."

I did—we had a wonderful technical discussion about commercials and my soap operas and what trouble I have keeping my characters in hot water and he learned all about how I killed off Aunt Miranda by mistake and the riot it caused at the station. It was the sort of conversation that Jane wouldn't have understood at all. And then we talked about music, and argued, and he was just explaining the time-light theory when Jane came in.

"Well," she said. "Don't tell me you're asking Shirley to imagine infinity—don't you know she's very close to a crelin when it comes to understanding abstract theories?" She patted me on the shoulder (potentially it was a pinch, of course), and of course we all laughed and that was that.

Back in the bedroom, however, thinking it over, it seemed to me that Bill did seem to have fun explaining things to me. Probably he never was able to explain anything to Jane because she always understood to begin with. I was an exercise for his ego, and while it was scant comfort, still, it was nice to be noticed once in a while. But I determined not to day-dream about him. After all, he had merely been kind. I couldn't compete with Jane. But I caught myself buying new clothes—fluffy, lacy blouses and wide-skirted peasant dresses and hats I couldn't afford. Jane noticed it, of course.

"You're looking very well," she said one day. "Rather like a Godey print."

"Right up to the minute," I said crossly.

"Bill says you remind him of his mother; isn't that a scream?" I had a mental picture of a little grey lady in a wheel-chair and agreed that it was a rare compliment.

"I think," said Jane, "that I'll marry him."

"Has he asked you to?"

"Well, no, he's a very tough proposition, but, then, that's a challenge to me. Naturally, I think he's attractive, but this appliance is going to give him an income for life even if he never does another thing."

So that was it. She didn't even love him. And because I did, I was miserable for his sake because she would make him wretched. She'd boss him and hurt him and there wasn't a thing I could do to stop her.

About this time the refrigerator started stopping regularly every Friday. Jane or Bill would fix it and it would run for a few days and then stop again on Friday. It was one of those things that was more than coincidence—there was something supernatural about it. It seemed to know exactly when I had done the marketing for the week-end, and stopped the minute it saw me bring in food. I began to get a complex about it, called in a repair man and watched him peer into it and make adjustments. But on Friday it stopped again. And that was the night that I saw Jane put her arms round Bill as he sat in the big chair, lean over and kiss him.

I don't know whether or not he kissed her back. Perhaps he didn't because Jane came to bed that night in a foul humor and for the next few

Friday is such a Frost

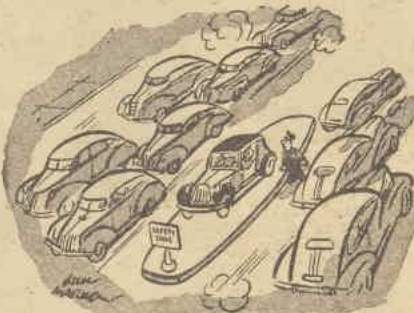
Continued from page 4

days she was specially nasty to me. She didn't let an opportunity pass to make some crack about my inefficiency and "people who live in a dream world." And she blew up the night I asked Bill to replace a burned-out electric bulb because I am afraid to.

"Shirley," she said, "actually I believe this is all an act. I've been watching you for weeks and I don't think you're dumb at all. You seem to have an idea that it's charming to be helpless and feminine. Don't you think it's gone far enough?"

Bill started to say something, but I walked out. I went over to the park and sat on a bench and watched the moon rise up over the rooftops. A car across the street was having engine trouble, and that gave me an idea.

I started thinking of the refrigerator and what a beautiful revenge it would be on Jane if I could make it work—not temporarily, as she could, but permanently. And perhaps the way to a man's heart was through electric coils.



"Of course I know it's a safety island. Why do you think I drove in here?"

So for five weeks I went to school in a machine shop up on Seventh Avenue. My instructor, Mike McGee, was a patient man, although privately I am sure he thought me a low-grade moron. Almost every night I was up there, putting under the interiors of refrigerators, and I learned quite a lot. Finally I asked Mike if he thought I knew enough.

"You know enough to fix one kind of trouble, you might not know enough to fix another kind of trouble. I'd have to see your box to tell, but if I was you I'd give it a try."

Friday the 13th was Bill's birthday and Jane invited some people in. The night was cool, so we had a fire, and there were asters in the copper bowl. The refrigerator was running perfectly, which was unique. I had counted on its going off, so, perversely, it wouldn't.

I couldn't keep my mind on the conversation, because I kept listening for it to stop for more than twenty minutes.

At a quarter to twelve I had just about given up hope when, above the clatter of talk and the radio music, I heard sweet silence in the kitchen—no reason for it either, because the refrigerator was on fast freeze. I slipped out of the room, closed the kitchen door, put on an apron and disconnected the plug. I removed the little cap next to the spring and pulled out the spring and the brush. I looked at the commutator and suddenly it didn't look a bit like Mike's commutator. It was a frightening-looking explosive thing, and I started trying to remember.

Mike had said to take the brush—but there were two brushes. Which one?

The door opened and Bill came in. He had some empty glasses in his hand, and he nearly dropped them when he saw me surrounded by refrigerator parts.

"Shirley," he said. That's all he said. Then he knelt down on the floor and removed a smudge of oil from my nose.

"What are you up to?" His voice was so gentle that I nearly burst into tears. I wanted to put my head on that nice broad shoulder, and I very nearly did.

"Tell me," he said.

I told him. Of course, I knew it was the wrong thing to do, but I simply had to. When I had finished my story he started putting the things back, explaining each step as he went along. Then he washed his hands at the sink and pulled me up from the floor.

"Shirley," he said, "we are going to tell a lie."

I had started to wash my hands too, but he stopped me. "No, leave those hands dirty. And keep that apron on. We are going back to the living-room."

"If you have just repaired the refrigerator, it will probably run a week."

I did start to cry then and somehow his arms were round me and my head was on his shoulder. "Bill," I blubbered, "thank you. You're just sorry for me, but I appreciate it anyway."

"I am not sorry for you," he said. "I love you. I loved you the third day I met you. I can remember the exact minute, it was a quarter to eleven. You came in and asked Jane to set the alarm clock for you. It seems that you can set the alarm clock for seven-thirty but not for eight-thirty."

"That's right," I said.

"And if I ever catch you so much as eyeing a commutator again—if you dare to even glance at a motor or run a vacuum cleaner or try to use a can opener or drive a nail I am going to divorce you. And as for alarm clocks—he kissed me with terrific efficiency—"as for alarm clocks, you are not to touch one. Is that perfectly clear?"

It was. I understood perfectly. There is nothing abstract about Bill. (Copyright)

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript, or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Wuff Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



Personal Interviews with "Everyday" People



"20 miles a day for 10 years ...that's my average"

"I cover a 20 mile route, day in and day out . . . and people say they can set their clocks by me. Most of the time I'm carrying a 50 lb. bag. How do I keep going? By looking after my feet and taking care of my health. For my health's sake (and because I like it) I drink "MILO" regularly. "MILO" puts pep into a man helps to build up his resistance and keep him going. Good stuff, "MILO"!"

Pure country milk and malted cereals fortified with energising vitamins and served as a palate-tempting chocolate-flavoured beverage: that's MILO. MILO helps to build stamina, restore energy and induce sound, restful sleep.

In metropolitan areas a $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tin of MILO costs only 2/3d. from any chemist or store.



MILO

The Fortified
TONIC FOOD
A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT



COPYRIGHT 1944

Fashion PATTERNS



F4270

F4270.—Striking frock featuring up-to-the-minute fashion points. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4271.—Sweet coat for small girl, featuring decorative yoke effect. Sizes 2 to 4, 4 to 6, and 6 to 8 years. Requires 1½yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/5.

F4272.—Neat, practical suit for small boy. Sizes 1 to 2, 2 to 4, and 4 to 6 years. Requires 1½yds. 54in. wide for trousers, and 1½yds. 54in. wide for shirt. Pattern, 1/5.

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns, Fashion Frock, Model Hat, or Needlework Notions (note prices) to "Pattern Department," to the address given in your issue as under. Patterns may be sent for or obtained by post.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 421G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 425P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 125C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 125C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)



F4274

Fashion Frock Service

"VITA" Pretty Maternity Frock and Jacket

This attractive maternity ensemble is available in a wide range of materials, in shades of blue, sage, taupe, autumn-brown, mode-grey. An interesting feature in the frock is that the extension can be made at the back. As required, the bottom section is drawn in shoulder-line, which is trimmed with lace, pleated by the style, has a simple, into upturned pleat panel, which falls 24in. bust 30/11 (14 coupons), 24 to 26in. bust 32/11 (14 coupons), 26 to 28in. bust 34/11 (14 coupons), 28 to 30in. bust 36/11 (14 coupons), 30 to 32in. bust 38/11 (14 coupons). Postage, 2/6 extra.



F4271



F4272



F4270

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

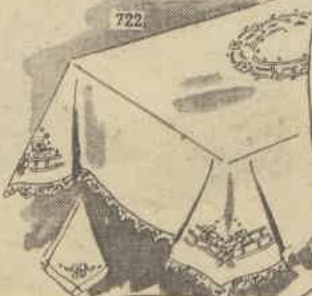


No. 721

3 DAINY COLLARS AND A PAIR OF CUFFS

These pretty collars and cuffs are obtainable with the pattern traced clearly on hard-wearing British cotton. In white only, with cutwork design featured.

Price, 1/6 each. Set of 1 collar and pair of cuffs, 2/6. Postage 2½d. extra.



No. 722

No. 720 INFANT'S SWEET NIGHTGOWN AND MATINEE JACKET

The pattern for this quaint baby set, consisting of "matinee jacket and reglan-sleeved nightgown," comes to you traced clearly on a good quality Ceylon linen, and is ready for you to cut out and make up. Size, infants. Nightgown only, 8/11 (2 coupons), postage 5½d. extra; jacket only, 8/2 (1 coupon), postage 5½d. extra; two-piece set, 13/6 (3 coupons), postage 8½d. extra.

Size 8-12 months. Nightgown only, 9/11 (2 coupons), postage 5½d. extra; jacket only, 9/11 (1 coupon), postage 5½d. extra; two-piece set, 14/11 (3 coupons), postage 8½d. extra.

No. 722 CUTWORK SUPPER CLOTH AND SERVIETTES

Clearly traced on white, hard-wearing British cotton, this attractive supper cloth, size 40in. x 60in., and four serviettes, size 10in. x 10in., can be obtained ready for working. Price 8/11 the set. Postage 7½d. extra.

F4273

"SUZY"

Fashion triumph in model hat.

Here is our lovely "Suzy" which appears in colour on page 21. There are six shades from which to choose, and each has contrasting front-trim for added smartness. List of color schemes is also given on page 21. Choose your favorite color and send now for "Suzy." Price 25/11, plus 2/- postage. If ordering by mail use address above.

TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns, Fashion Frock, Model Hat, and Needlework Notions can be had from our Pattern Dept. If ordering by mail send to address given on this page.

F4272.—Well-tailored jerkin slacksuit for cosy week-end wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. wide for suit, and 2½yds. 36in. wide for blouse. Pattern, 1/10.



F4275.—Warm, long-sleeved winter frock for mothers-to-be. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

T

HERE'S Saburov, not knowing what I know about him; that if, may God prevent it, they kill Remizov, or wound him, or Anzenki, then I, if I myself am still alive by then, will without question make Saburov commander of a regiment. And none of these men sitting here know what fate will befall them in this war, whom they will command, where they will be fighting, under the walls of what cities they will find their death, if they have to find it."

There was something magnificent and deeply moving to Protzenko in this picture. He was feeling it for the first time after months of being burdened with big and little affairs, orders, reports, lists, and all the daily complications of war. He felt it as he looked at his officers gathered round the table, tired men already grown grey with experience and misfortune.

He wanted to say in farewell some special and impressive words, but he could not find the right words at the moment, just as he had never been able to find them at the other decisive and, perhaps, most beautiful moments of his life. So he simply stood up and said: "Well, that's that, my friends. It's time. There'll be fighting to do in the morning."

They all stood up. He shook each man's hand as they went out. He held back only Saburov.

"Sit down a minute, Alexei Ivanovich," he said. "You can go in a minute."

Protzenko wanted to find out whether the officers had understood what he had tried to tell them, and so he asked Saburov: "Did you understand me, Alexei Ivanovich? Did you understand me?"

"I understood, Comrade General," said Saburov. "I am eager to live until that moment."

"That's it exactly, that's it exactly," said Protzenko. "I, too, want terribly to live until then. From tomorrow on, I'm going to duck my head more often when I walk along a trench. That's how much I want to go on living now. And I advise you to do the same."

For a moment both were silent. "Remizov told me," Protzenko said, "about your bad luck. I sent a man to the rear to-day and I ordered him to find out on the way what hospital she's in and how she is. So that you don't lose track of her."

"Thank you, Comrade General,"

Continuing . . . Days and Nights

from page 5

Saburov said in a voice that sounded almost indifferent. The general's solicitude touched him deeply. He was not worried over finding Anya, because he knew that if she were alive he would find her sooner or later, beyond any doubt. But was she alive?

Compared with this terrifying and unanswered question, what Protzenko had been talking about did not worry him at all.

"Thank you very much, Comrade General," he repeated. Then he broke the rules by standing up first. He shook Protzenko's hand firmly, and forgetting even to say the traditional phrase: "May I go?" he turned and walked quickly out of the dugout.

The days that followed seemed on the surface as they had before. The fighting continued with unabated fury, the Germans seized the area four times between Konyukov's building and the positions of Company Two, and four times were driven back from it. Saburov behaved with his usual caution.

His grief did not make him go out and take unnecessary risks. This had always been alien to him, and it was alien now. He wanted to live, most of all because he expected victory, impatiently and with conviction.

He expected victory in the most exact and definite sense of the word. He was waiting for the moment when he could take back from the Germans that nearest piece of ground, that building they had given up a week before, and the ruins just beyond it, and then the next block, and then another street—in a word, everything within his field of vision.

Did he think about Anya during these days? No, he did not think of her, but he felt a pain in his heart which did not go away. He felt convinced that if she had died there would never again be any kind of love in his life. Saburov began to watch himself, something he had never thought of doing before. Just because sorrow was heavy in him, he often looked himself over and asked himself whether he was doing everything as he had done it before, and if there were not something in his behaviour to which his sorrow had driven him, something that had changed him.

On the fifth day the ringing of the telephone woke him early. Saburov stumbled in his bare feet across the dirt floor to it. "Captain Saburov speaking," he said.

"This is Protzenko. What are you doing, sleeping?"

"Yes, I was asleep."

"Well, get up as fast as you can and put on your boots." In Protzenko's voice excitement could be heard. "Go outside and listen."

"What's happened, Comrade General?"

"Never mind, call me back later. Report to me, whether you heard it or not. And wake up your men. Let them listen."

Saburov looked at his watch. It was six o'clock in the morning. He hurriedly drew on his boots, and without putting on his tunic, and in his shirt, he ran out into the open.

Snow was falling, dropping a heavy white shroud over everything beyond a few paces from him. He stood there for a minute or two until he heard, very far in the distance, a kind of unbroken rumbling, which seemed to come from his right, from the north.

It produced a feeling that wherever the noise was coming from something monstrous was going on, unheard of in its size, firing that no one had ever seen or heard before.

By this time Saburov no longer felt the cold, and he stood there listening, sometimes brushing off with his hand the snowflakes dropping on his eyelashes.

"Is this really it?" he thought, and he turned to the soldier standing next to him. "Do you hear anything?"

"Why, what do you mean, Comrade Captain? Of course I hear it. It's ours."

"What makes you think it's ours?"

"You can tell by its voice."

"Has it been going on long?"

"For about an hour," the soldier said. "And it never lets up."

Saburov walked quickly back into the dugout and woke up Maslennikov, then Vanin, who had come back from the companies a short time before and was sleeping in his boots and overcoat.

"Get up, get up," Saburov said in the same excited voice that Protzenko had used five minutes before. "What is it? What's happened?" asked Maslennikov, pulling on his boots.

"An awful lot's happened. Go outside and listen."

"Listen to what?"

"Just listen. Let's talk later."

Vanin, who was already dressed, ran out with Maslennikov. When they had left, Saburov asked the telephone operator to get Protzenko.

"Hello," he heard Protzenko's voice over the telephone.

"Comrade General, I am reporting: I heard it," Saburov said.

"Ah . . . everyone's heard it. I woke them all up. It's started, old man, it's started. I shall see again the Ukraine where I was born. I'll stand on Vladimir Hill in Kiev. Can you believe it?"

"I believe it," Saburov said.

As long as Saburov had known Protzenko, the latter had never once mentioned the Ukraine he loved so tenderly, or Kiev, neither when they had fought together on the western front nor round Voronezh nor here. And he had not liked it when others had talked about them in his presence. It was his sore spot. Now he was talking about Kiev himself.

"This is the fourth night I couldn't sleep," Protzenko said. "I kept on going out, listening . . . hasn't it

started? Our side always likes to start just before dawn. So I couldn't sleep. I kept on going out and listening. I went out to-day and the concert had already started . . . Can you hear it well, Saburov?"

"Very well, Comrade General."

"I still haven't got any official communication from Army Headquarters," Protzenko said. "Wait before you announce it to the men. But I don't know, what is there to announce? They'll guess. But, anyway, don't announce it officially. I'll find out right away from the commander, then I'll let you know."

Protzenko hung up the telephone, and Saburov did, too. He did not know exactly how or where anything was happening, but without the slightest doubt he knew that it had started.

"Well, how about it? Did you hear it?" he asked Vanin and Maslennikov solemnly as they came in.

For fifteen minutes they sat there dazed by this feeling of happiness. "Is there no chance of its stopping?" Vanin asked.

"Don't worry," Saburov said. "It can't stop. It can't dare to stop."

"Oh, how I wish I were there right now!" Maslennikov said.

"We're going to attack here, too," said Saburov.

"Yes, but that will be when . . ."

"It will be to-day," Saburov, without meaning to, said this especially loudly and solemnly.

"To-day?" Maslennikov asked. He waited for Saburov to go on, but the latter said nothing. A plan had suddenly come to him and he didn't want to talk about it ahead of time.

Please turn to page 25

SCRATCHY CLEANSERS WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME! POTS ARE SO PRECIOUS NOW, YET I'M SCOURED AND SCRAPPED EVERY DAY!



There's nothing like RINSO'S RICHER SUDS for saving work on washday



Z167-8

Gardener finds quick way to heal CUTS AND SCRATCHES



I'm chief gardener at our family and do quite a nice job, even if I do say so myself. And, like most gardeners, I consider cuts and scratches all in the day's work.

Last week I caught my hand on a blade of the lawnmower. 'I'll give you some Remona for that right away,' my neighbour said. 'You don't want any complications.'



You've no idea how quickly I healed! My Remona has a permanent place in our medicine cupboard. With my own nose, I find Remona a real blessing.



She treated mine Remona into the cut—and also on a couple of scratches I'd collected while digging the hedge. I felt so soothing effect immediately.

THE RAPID HEALER
Rexona
1/6 OINTMENT
A JAR (10g & 50g)
Rexona's SIX healing ingredients make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.

If you're **18** year's young
you're old enough to be
BEAUTIFIED BY BERLEI

—and it's high time you were training your figure for life-long beauty! Lucky you, to be growing up when marvellous new Berlei Foundations are on the way . . . precious few to be found at the moment, of course, though you may be one of the fortunate ones.

HOLLYWOOD MAXWELL
Berlei

YOUTHLYNE
Berlei



MAYBE you don't want to bother your pretty head about such things as "foundations"—yet—but just wait till you try on your first Hollywood Maxwell Brassiere—and step into film-star glamour! You'll be thrilled with that delicious uplift line.

And for smoothing your hips and keeping everything under control amidships there's Youthlyne by Berlei—those clever young girdles that work miracles without bulk or stiffness.

You don't realise it now, of course, but what your figure is going to look like in 10 years' time depends on the care you give it in youth.

HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL

Brassiere by Berlei.
Lace, lined with Buttoning net; whirlpool stitched
bust cups; adjustable ribbon shoulder straps.

YOUTHLYNE

Berlei Step-in.
Stretch-down, back, mesh elastic side panels;
side fastening; control that's sweet and gentle!

BEGIN LIFE-LONG FIGURE BEAUTY WITH A...
Berlei
THE FOUNDATION OF BEAUTY

H

HE turned, and shouted: "Petya!" But Petya did not answer. "Petya!" he shouted again.

Petya was standing outside just as they had been standing a few minutes before, listening. He had heard Saburov call him the first time, but he had paid no attention to it, he wanted so badly to hear the sound of the cannonade. Saburov had to go out himself into the communication trench.

Petya, as if he had just heard, ran up to Saburov.

"Well, did you hear it?" Saburov asked him.

"I heard it," Petya answered smiling.

"Come on, pour us a drink," Saburov said.

Petya rattled the tins and flasks for half a minute and then brought into the dugout a tray with three tin cups and an open can of meat from the top of which three forks stuck out fanwise.

Clinking their cups together, they drank in silence. Everything was clear and there was no need to say anything. They were drinking to the offensive.

A half-hour later Prosenko telephoned, and said he had received from headquarters an official confirmation that Russian troops had gone over to the offensive to the north of Stalingrad at five o'clock in the morning after a powerful artillery preparation.

The day that followed was one of intense activity for Saburov. Now that this great affair which they had awaited with such anxiety had finally started, he felt an irresistible urge to complete immediately the project nearest to his own heart—namely, to take back the building that had been lost by his battalion during his absence.

So, carefully and systematically, he worked out details of the action which he planned to launch from his command post. Then, within an hour, all that he planned had been approved by Prosenko and details passed on to the other officers.

The remainder of the day, then, was spent in preparation for the action. It seemed as if some feverish thirst for activity had seized every officer in the division.

In two hours the chief of staff of the division had telephoned Saburov to tell him that thirty men had been assembled from the division's reserve. Artillerymen from different units had fixed up three cannon to be moved up to the building that night immediately after his capture.

In a corner of the dugout Petya was fusing with his Tommy-guns, his own, Saburov's, and Maslennikov's—cleaning them and oiling them as carefully as if the entire fate of the operation depended on it. He even pulled out of a corner Saburov's torn cloth bag for hand-grenades, and mended it neatly.

For once, the strict secrecy demanded by military regulations during preparations for an operation was not observed in the battalion. On the contrary, everyone knew that the capture of the building was planned for that night and everyone was glad at heart about it, although many of them, perhaps, stood to lose their lives before the night was over.

At a quarter past one the command to begin the attack was given in a whisper.

The mortars roared out deafeningly. The cannon began to fire point-blank in front of them, and two of the assault groups led by Saburov and Maslennikov moved forward.

The Germans were ready for an attack from anywhere at all except from this besieged building which had seemed to them completely blockaded. They began to fire desperately, but in disorder, and it was clear that they were badly confused.

Like all night fighting, this attack was full of the unexpected. The shooting was blind, grenades exploded directly under foot, there was everything that makes not numbers but strength of nerve decisive in night fighting.

Several times Saburov had to throw grenades; once he fired point-blank with his Tommy-gun; several times he collided with masonry in the darkness and fell flat.

Finally, having run through all the ruins in the cellar of the building, he came out on its western side, breathing hard with fatigue, ordered one of the soldiers next to

Days and Nights

Continued from page 23

him to pass on word that the cannon should be dragged up as quickly as possible.

For the Germans everything had taken place so unexpectedly that many of them were killed and the others were forced to run from the building before they had even realised what was going on. But news that the Russians had seized the building apparently so excited the nearest German commanders that they assembled all the men immediately available, and without counting the cost, sent them straight into a counter-attack.

The first counter-attack was driven back. Then a half-hour later, after throwing shells over the building, the Germans attacked a second time.

In his heart Saburov thanked Prosenko for having given him extra men. There was not one intact wall left in the building. Everywhere were holes, breaches, and craters through which the Germans could crawl, and it was necessary to defend each of them in impenetrable darkness.

In the heat of this second German counter-attack, Maslennikov crawled up to Saburov and asked him if he had any grenades.

"I have," Saburov said. "What's the matter, have you used all yours?"

"I've thrown quite a few," Maslennikov said. "Alexei Ivanovich, is the big offensive going all right?"

"It's going well," Saburov said, and he turned back to his Tommy-gun. It seemed to him something was moving in front of him.

All at once several Germans jumped through a breach in the wall to their left. They had somehow found an undefended place in the wall of the building. Saburov fired a long burst, then his ammunition ran out. He moved his hand to his belt where a grenade should have been hanging, but it was not there. He had just given it to Maslennikov.

By this time the Germans were almost on top of them. From behind Saburov's shoulder Maslennikov threw the grenade, but for some reason it failed to explode. Then Saburov took his Tommy-gun by the barrel and swung its butt end with all his might at a black shape moving past him.

There was a thud, and a groan. He had swung with such power that he could not keep his balance, and, dropping the Tommy-gun, he fell flat. This proved to be what saved his life. A long burst of tracer bullets flashed over him.

Maslennikov, who had fired several times with his revolver in the dark-

ness, saw a German waving his gun over Saburov's prostrate figure. Throwing away his empty revolver, Maslennikov jumped from the side on top of the German, grabbed him with both hands round the throat, and they both awayed and then fell on to the stone floor.

They rolled over several times, each trying to pin the other's arms. Then Maslennikov's left arm slipped down between two stones. He heard it break, and then he could no longer move it. With his other hand he continued to clutch the German's throat, and the two men kept on rolling over, first one on top, then the other. The last thing Maslennikov was aware of was something hard and cold pressed against his chest.

The German had succeeded in pulling his revolver out from his belt, pressing it with his free hand against Maslennikov's body and squeezing the trigger several times.

After he had fallen, Saburov had jumped up again and seen the black tangle rolling on the ground. Then he had heard shots, the knot untied itself, and a large unfamiliar form began to stand up from the ground. Saburov had nothing in his hand. He scratched the ammunition clip from his belt, and just as it was, in its case, he swung it with both hands on the German's head—once, twice, and a third time—with all the strength he had.

By this time soldiers had run in and they were already lying behind the wall and firing. The counter-attack was broken off.

"Misha," Saburov cried out.

Maslennikov was silent.

Saburov knelt on the ground and pushed away the dead German. He fumbled over Maslennikov with both hands, then tried to lift him. The



"Do me a favor after this, and don't put my socks on the radiator to dry."

Doctor gives timely advice on infantile paralysis

By OUR MEDICAL WRITER

To-day I had one of those cases which change the whole life and outlook of the patient and his family.

I was called to a home where the dread infantile paralysis had struck the youngest member of the household.

THE call led me to a neat bungalow well up on the hill. A very worried mother was waiting at the gate. The laddie was lying still, taking in every move with fearful eyes. His legs were painful to touch, and he cried when they were moved. He couldn't move them himself.

With sorrow in my heart I turned to the tense woman.

"I'm afraid—"

"Oh, doctor, he hasn't got paralysis!"

Leading her to another room, I confessed my fears, and lessened the blow by explaining that early diagnosis and correct treatment held great hopes.

Infantile paralysis is a strange disease. A master of disguise, it may strike like a common cold, acute rheumatism, a gastric attack, or a frank paralysis.

The children of the wealthy in their own little bedrooms are no

more immune than those sharing a common bed.

Nor are adults. The disease is endemic and epidemic. By this we mean that odd cases occur from day to day and culminate in a general scourge.

The first accurate descriptions of the condition were made by von Heine in 1840 and Mehin in 1887. Since then its recurrent epidemics have been carefully recorded.

We are not unenlightened about its causation. A virus carried in the upper air passages is the causal organism, and is spread by coughing, sneezing and talking.

But why do we have sudden flare-ups? The explanation lies in the development of an immunity.

It is a scientific fact that the onset of an epidemic depends on two factors—firstly, the virulence of the organism, and secondly, the resistance of the patient.

The first factor is easy to understand when we consider the virus being passed from person to person, thriving on the nasal secretions, and quietly growing more and

more virulent, until it lands in the throat of some unfortunate who has a low resistance.

Regarding the second, we find that resistance is both an age and a generation factor.

A baby is born without resistance to the virus, but rapidly acquires this by coming in contact with the organism when it has not attained a marked virulence.

Should the baby meet such an organism in virulent form, then the body defences are not sufficient, and symptoms appear.

This increase in virulence of the virus occurs about every seven years, just in time to coincide with the rise of a new generation of school-age children—and then it strikes!

Modern treatment does much to lessen the terrors of infantile paralysis. This is to be found in specially staffed and equipped hospitals. It is not a field for home treatment or quack remedies.

Facilities and specialist attention are made available by our health authorities, and these, combined with early diagnosis, offer great hope to the unfortunate little sufferer.

Following precautions should be taken:

Cleanliness, especially of the hands, washing and peeling of fruits, daily gargles with some mild antiseptic, and—most important of all—immediate attention to colds and infection of the nose and throat.

Children with these symptoms should be kept apart until well again, and when there are indications of painful legs, arms, or neck, medical attention must be obtained immediately.

Although only a few minutes had gone by since their last conversation, it seemed to Saburov that an endless time had passed. He shuddered, and still holding Maslennikov in his arms he began to cry bitterly, for the second time in these five days.

Fifty kilometres from Stalingrad, in a place to which the distant cannon fire did not carry and where the first rumors of an offensive had only just begun to come, it was early morning.

In a peasant hut below used as an operating room, Anya was lying on a stretcher. She had already gone through one operation, but they had not managed to remove one deep splinter.

During these days she would recover consciousness and then lose it. Right now she was lying motionless, the blood drained from her face. Everything was ready and they were waiting for the chief surgeon who had agreed to make a second operation on which all hope depended now.

"What do you think, Alexander Petrovich, will she live?" a young woman doctor asked a much older surgeon.

"In theory, no, but I think he can

MARCH OF SCIENCE

THESE truth, they say, within the wildest fable, But fables would look pale beside the claim.

That Science may, with atom bombs, be able To manufacture rain and tempests tame.

Strange will it seem, when summer proudly blusters The wheat crops out near Scorne or Tullamore, To get an urgent order for no-easters.

Or "three more inches in the reservoir."

Then will the Drought King have good cause for wonder At this new threat within his scorched domain—

"One good storm, please, but cut down on the thunder— It's time we had a bit more steady rain."

What joy (when Sol decides to serve us weather That makes us sweat from York to Gandagai)

To light an atom charge and cool the ether And spit a rain blast in his royal eye!

Then will the weather man be no mere prophet, Whose careful charts the Seasons would have messed. He'll be engaged in making winds and rainbows

Or measuring clouds to fill the dams out west!

—M. M. DAVIES.

pull her through," the surgeon said. He rolled a cigarette and then added: "It depends on how her heart holds out. She may pull out of it."

The door opened and from the other half of the hut, bringing with him a blast of cold wind, a short, stubby man walked in with quick steps, holding his hands in front of him. Their thick red fingers, obviously, had just been washed with alcohol.

"On the table," he said, looking to one side where Anya was lying on the stretcher.

"They say," he said, walking up to the operating table, "our troops have gone over to a general offensive. They have captured Kalach, and they are encircling the Germans beyond Stalingrad. That's all. That's all." He made a decisive gesture with his hands. "Details later, after the operation. Give me light."

This was on the second day of the general offensive. Along the great curve of the Don, between that river and the Volga, in the black darkness of November night, in machine-gunned Army corps were crawling forward. Trucks were moving slowly, sinking in the snow. Bridges were being blown up or broken.

Scrambling through the snow-drifts, stamping their feet and clapping their arms against the wind, the infantry marched over the white fields. They knocked down barns and sheds for the beams and planks with which they fashioned sleazy bridges across ravines.

Two armies were moving on this winter morning, like two hands coming together on a map, coming closer and closer to each other, ready to meet in the Don steppe, far to the west of Stalingrad.

In the area they encircled, inside their rough embrace, there were still hundreds of thousands of German soldiers. There were an Army corps and divisions with staffs, generals, discipline, cannon, tanks, landing fields, and aeroplanes. There were hundreds of thousands of men who, it seemed, might still have thought themselves with some justice to represent a military force, but who were at the same time nothing but to-morrow's dead.

In newspapers that night men were setting on typewriters the usual restrained communiqué of the Soviet Information Bureau, written carefully not to anticipate events.

Before they went to bed, people listened to the last news broadcast on the radio, and were still anxious in their hearts for Stalingrad, knowing nothing yet of the great fortune of war, won in battle, which was beginning during these hours for Russia.

(Copyright)

By VICTOR JAMES



THE BURDEN OF A NAME

HIS name was Stanislaus Cyril Seal, and his intentions were strictly honorable. What hope did they have of being anything else, with a name like that? The first time he saw her his heart gave a hop, skip, and a stagger. Then it began to click like a teleprinter, and he knew he'd have to stop it somehow. If he didn't, she'd bear it.

She was on the stage of the University Theatre, dancing. And Stan, whose eyes always ran true to feminine form, saw that she was dancing very well. Moreover, she was beautiful to behold. Stan said so himself. But not out loud.

She was wearing a checkered shirt and a pair of navy-blue shorts. Stan paid particular attention to her hair. It was long, and not too brown, and it had lights shining in it as she moved. He thought it was the happiest hair he'd ever seen.

The revue was on the stage for the first time. Stan wasn't quite sure why he'd come to the rehearsal. For one thing, he'd left the University (and quite a few tender memories—all of them pure) far behind him. Well, five years behind, anyway. For another, it was a Sunday afternoon, and the rain was drowning cats and dogs by the dozen.

Still, there he was. He hadn't found it at all hard to get in, even though it was meant to be Cast Only. He knew the producer, the stage manager, the musical director, the wardrobe mistress, and at least twenty other people as well. They all said Hello, Stan, and forgot about him. They were frightfully busy.

So he sat by himself in Row K, and he liked it because he had often sat there before. He'd been in a couple of revues, but that was before the war, and they'd faded a good deal since then. Already he'd torn

most of the memories up into tiny recollections and thrown the pieces far down into his mind. It's not much good holding on to things if you're not going to use them again.

But seeing the girl with the hair that seemed to smile at him, he fished them all out, and polished them till they were bright and shiny. Even in the half darkness of the theatre he could see them quite clearly. All of a sudden he knew he wanted to share them with her. And that was a heck of a thing to want. He didn't even know her name.

Someone tapped him on the shoulder. He whipped round, hoping just for a second that it might somehow be a miracle, and be her.

Of course, it wasn't. It was Gertrude Hematich, a student of his day whom he'd never liked. Her teeth were grinning at him in the gloom like the festoon of lights outside a prewar picture show. He wished they wouldn't. But he said hello.

"Goodness, Stan," she gurgled. "If it isn't you."

Stan admitted that it was. "It's just like old times." Then she added as an afterthought, "Don't you think?"

Stan said he did. But he didn't tell her what he was thinking. He was too polite.

"And what brings you up here, Stan?"

Stan grunted evasively, and couldn't think of anything better to add to it.

Gertrude's smile dipped, and then turned full on again as she negotiated a curve in the conversation. "Tell me, what do you think of the show?"

Stan was glad she'd asked him that. It gave him a chance to look back at the stage. The checkered shirt was still keeping perfect time with the music. After a while, he said he thought it was jolly good. He turned back to Gertrude

"I needed that," smiled Carol, taking the last sausage roll from the dish.

"Who's that girl on the end?" he said. "I don't seem to remember her."

"She wasn't up here in our time," Gertrude informed him, virtuously. "Her name's Carol Fisher. I saw her photo in the paper last night." "Carol Fisher," said Stan thoughtfully. He picked up his hat. "Oh, well, I suppose I'd better be going." Twenty minutes later, he was plodding through the rain. Saying goodbye to Gertrude always took that long.

Half-way to the tram he stopped. "By jove," he said. "I think I'm going to sing." He was quite right. Luckily, however, his song was drowned by the rain. Stan's voice had never caused Bing Crosby a moment's worry. That's because he'd never had to listen to it.

By the time he got home, he knew exactly what he was going to do. He was going to send her some flowers. It took him six days to decide what sort. And then the florist didn't have any orchids. So he sent her three bunches of something else instead, starting off with violets.

He arranged with the florist to send the first box that afternoon, which was Saturday. The second was to go on Monday, and the third on Tuesday. He'd have ordered another for Wednesday, only the revue would have finished by then.

Writing out the cards took a long time. After he'd torn up the first thirty, the florist began to get worried. She asked him didn't he know there was a war on. Stan said yes, he'd just come back from it, and tore up a few more cards. Then she really got mad and said it was after closing time, so if he didn't mind.

Spurred on by the gathering clouds, Stan made a tremendous

dash and finished the first card. He put: "From one whose chief regret is that he only saw you once—and from Row K at that." The second had on it: "I've often wondered how it'd feel to be sent flowers by a complete stranger—perhaps some day you'll tell me." And on the third he wrote: "It's lucky this is the last night—otherwise sending you flowers might become an unbreakable habit. P.H."

He added the "P.H." because they weren't his initials, and he didn't want her to guess who he was. After he'd left the shop and the door and been slammed in his back, he realised that she'd never be able to guess anyway. So he made pleading gestures at the florist through the glass. But she wouldn't let him in. She was going to the races, and she was late already.

He went off and bought a pound of apples and ate them by himself in the Botanic Gardens. And it was all because of that snake of a florist.

On the Tuesday morning, he got an invitation to the backstage party which was being held that night. He was certain that it had been sent to him by mistake, in spite of all the people he knew, but he went just the same. He'd have gone to the revue as well, but every seat had been sold out a fortnight before it opened. He went to a news-stand instead.

When he arrived at the party, he saw the producer, the stage manager, the musical director, the wardrobe mistress, and the other twenty people. But they were even busier than when he'd seen them before. They had their mouths full. He looked for Carol all over the place. She wasn't there.

Gertrude swooped down upon him and they bored each other for a quarter of an hour. Then Carol came in, and Stan asked Gertrude if she'd like another cup of coffee. Before she could answer, he'd grabbed her cup and was eight feet away, travelling well. She wasn't thirsty, anyhow, so it didn't matter much his not getting back to her.

He snatched the dish with the last sausage roll on it right from under the nose of a hungry four-footer, and shyly offered it to Carol. She took it, smiled at him, and bit into it with a crunch. "You're a pal," she said. "I needed that. Badly."

Stan's heart lit up like a flashlight. "I'm glad," he said. "That I saved it for you, I mean."

"So am I," said Carol, and licked the tips of her fingers because she'd forgotten her handkerchief.

"I saw the show," said Stan.

"Oh, did you?"

"Well, most of it, at any rate."

"Enjoy it?"

He tried to make a gesture showing her how much. He failed.

"Tons," he said. "You were awfully good."

She smiled at that. Then she looked at him a bit harder.

"Did you—what sort of a seat did you have?"

"Oh, fine."

"Not too near the front?"

"No."

"Not too far back?"

"No, not too far back."

"What row did you say you were in?"

"I don't think I actually said the row," said Stan. He took a deep breath. "It was—"

Another half second, and it would have been out. Another quarter of a second, even. But he didn't get that. "Hey, Carol!" said a voice at his right elbow. "Professor Beasley wants to meet you. Professor, this is Mrs. Sanderson."

An oldish man ambled forward, exchanged a few creaky pleasantries, muttered something unexciting, and moved on. Stan wondered dully if someone had hit him in the stomach. "I thought your name was Carol Fisher," he said.

"So it was. But I got married about a year ago. Now, where were we? Oh, yes, you were telling me where you sat."

"Was I?" A bell jangled a warning inside him not to tell her the truth. He tried not to heed it, but it was no good. "Row F," he said faintly. He hated himself like poison for saying it.

"Oh," said Carol. He could see she was disappointed, and if his name had been Jasper Darmwalla, he would have corrected himself. As it was, he said: "Good row, F."

"I prefer K myself."

"They're both pretty good."

"K's the best."

"I'll try it next time." This sort of banality might have continued indefinitely. But they both got tired of it together, so they drifted into separate corners. Stan found himself face to face with Gertrude. (She'd forgotten about the coffee, so he didn't have to apologise.) Then he went home.

He sat down at the desk in his room and drew silly pictures on his pad. "My heart's broken," he said. He felt it just to make sure it wasn't. "I nearly made a fool of myself," he added, and his pencil scrawled a series of exclamation marks. Obviously, it agreed with him.

Suddenly he grabbed his typewriter. "I'll tell the world of my tragedy. And when I've said it, I'll send her an autographed copy of the magazine." He typed for five hours thirty-seven minutes without stopping, and when he'd finished both his forefingers were sore. He'd never been to a business college. He called the story "The Burden of a Name."

Now I've got to sell the thing, because it's the only way of letting Carol know how I feel about her without offending her.

Didn't I tell you my name was Stanislaus Cyril Seal?

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



MERLE OBERON, star of Universal's technicolor "Night in Paradise," adjusts one of the exotic headresses she wears as an Arabian princess. Co-star with Merle is Turhan Bey. Her headresser stands by with extra pins.



To star as nun

By cable from Bill Stratton in London

QUAKER-BORN Deborah Kerr is thrilled with the new part offered her as a nun in the technicolor film "Black Narcissus," planned by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger.

Experts are now collecting background material in the Himalayas.

Sabu has come to England for an important part in the picture.

STARDOM as plain as the cute nose on his engaging, Mickey Rooneyish face lies before twenty-three-year-old Richard Attenborough.

Thanks to the enthusiasm of Michael Redgrave, he has signed a joint contract with Sydney Box and a new company owned by the smart Boulting twins "Dickie" is filming "Top Secret" with Ralph Richardson.

JAMES MASON has bought a portable cinecamera and can be seen on stage five at Denham Studios between scenes of "Odd Man Out" collecting first-hand tips from crack camera operator Bob Thompson.

LILLI PALMER, who is now filming with Gary Cooper, and whose husband, Rex Harrison, is starting with Irene Dunne, won't stay permanently in Hollywood.



ENGLISH ACTRESS Angela Lansbury, whose newest American film, "The Sign of the Cross," is a co-starring role for MGM opposite William Powell, looks at postcards and letters from home, with her young brother.

Swiss setting for film

Australia is about to see a film which has caused a sensation overseas though it contains no familiar star names in the cast. It is "The Last Chance."

MADE in Switzerland, it has a wartime setting. It is the story of a group of people who, though they come from widely different origins, find they all have the same goal—to get out of Italy across the Swiss border to freedom.

Director Leopold Lindtberg and producer Lazar Wechsler set to work in Switzerland on the adaptation of a novel by Richard Schweizer.

The producer kept strictly to type casting, and his idea worked most effectively.

He needed a young man to play an American sergeant who had just escaped after being taken prisoner, and obtained permission to interview many American fliers who had been interned in Switzerland. He chose Ray Reagan, of New Jersey.

In Zurich he found two interned English officers—Major E. J. Morrison and handsome young Lieutenant John Hoy. Neither had had previous acting experience.

The only professional players were Therese Giehse, a Continental actress; Robert Schwall, a leading Swiss actor; and Giuseppe Galeati, an Italian actor. A Jewish tailor and his niece played their real-life roles, and so did a German professor, a Dutch woman, and an Italian girl.

The message of the film is one of tolerance and the equal right of human beings to a country and home of their own.

It will be released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer International.



ESCAPED P.O.W. JOHNNY (Lieut. John Hoy) meets Italian girl (played by Livia Ross) on Swiss lake shore. The scene is from MGM's foreign film, "The Last Chance."

NOT ONE COUPON USED ON HOUSE LINENS SINCE RATIONING STARTED

SAYS Aunt Jenny

That's VELVET washing for you

READ THIS LETTER FROM MRS. JEAN ARTIS, 75 GIPP ST., COLLINGWOOD, VICTORIA

"I have been married 37 years next month... and I have a tablecloth that I still use, and I have had it in use all that time and it is still good," writes Mrs. Artis in a letter which may be seen in our office. She says: "I reckon Velvet Soap stands on its own. I have sheets and pillowslips that I have had for years and they are a lovely colour; also they are in good order. In fact, I have never had to use any of my coupons on house linens since the rationing came, and I won't have to if it goes on for a few years yet."

Surely there's no better proof that Velvet Soap makes linens last far longer! With Velvet's extra-soapy suds even ground-in grime comes away with just a few light finger rubs. And since there's no hard rubbing, everything stays like new year after year.



Tune in 11 a.m. every Mon. to Fri. "AUNT JENNY'S REAL-LIFE STORIES"

Family album is recreated

By cable from BILL STRUTTON
in London

Those fascinating, rather faded snapshots in your family album—don't you wish they would move, talk, or laugh, just as if life had been blown into them again?

When you see a period picture, do you feel the reality of time now long past?

IF your desire to be really projected into the unbelievable past has not been satisfied by a succession of imitation period films, there is a picture which will soon be dawning on the cinema horizon called "Gaiety George" which will make all the albums of Edwardian days come thrillingly alive.

For the older generation, bewildered by the chrome-plated, glamorized film versions of their youth and the clothes they wore, it should be a nostalgic experience.

And for the younger moviegoers it should satisfy a curiosity about those days that so far has never really been satisfied.

For Richard Greene, in the name part of "Gaiety George," is seen complete with button-up boots, drappling trousers, high collars, a red pomaded hair brushed in the "cowlick" of the Edwardian era.

The girls, headed by Britain's latest screen darling, Ann Todd, have all the authentic curves, frills, petticoats, and wasp waists which made the Gibson Girls the first pin-ups.

For realism not only did designer Matilda Etches thumb through museum copies of old fashion magazines and the other usual sources of inspiration, but she also combed dozens of family photograph albums for a more intimate glimpse of grandma in her heyday.

It was almost as fascinating as her research into Egyptian costumes for "Caesar and Cleopatra" or the French medieval robes worn in "Henry V," for since Matilda predicts a postwar swingback to very feminine frills and furbelows, she had a personal interest in it.

The story covers thirty years in the life of a daring but hardy weed struggling in London's theatrical undergrowth. He was George Edwards, who rose from obscurity mostly on overdrafts to become a famous stage impresario, and the role is played by Richard Greene.

Ann Todd is the high-kicking chorus girl who became his protegee and who realizes falling in love with him is bad for business, but marries him and shares his fortunes, which are always located precariously on the edge of a financial volcano.

Celebrated theatrical producer Leontine Sagan, now in Australia with the production of "The Dancing Years," produced the two musical comedy sequences in the film.

The highlight is a strip-tease as far as her petticoat, done by dancer Lent Lynn, which is less revealing than a white old-fashioned corset.



ANN TODD, co-star of "Gaiety George," wears a demure white blouse which Matilda Etches designed for her from a cambric petticoat worn in Victorian days.

suit, but which caused a shocked Edwardian uproar and set "progressive" theatregoers afire with interest.

A team of librettists under Eric Maaschwitz has written a colorful batch of new tunes strictly in the melody and sentiment of the time when it was the errand boy's job, not the B.B.C.'s, to make a new song hauntingly popular with his whistle.

Since Ann Todd graduates from teen-age to middle-age "Gaiety George" is additionally interesting, because it shows a gradual change in her mode of dress as she matures into a gracious Edwardian wife.

With Britain's coupon problem, almost any gown she wears has a history behind it.

For instance, topping one of her older gowns is a white broderie anglaise blouse which Matilda Etches rescued from some forgotten wardrobe.

"This blouse," said Matilda with a smile, "was an undergarment when I found it."

With her fabulous contract safely tucked away, I hear that Ann Todd has refused to be typed with her roles.

In "Gaiety George" she looks very beautiful, and in one scene she does a gay "Fantasy" dance wearing an Edwardian stage costume with black lace tights.

Her role is a very different one from the neurotic Francesca in "The Seventh Veil."



WHILE HER ESCORT, JOHN DALL, LOOKS ON, Sonja Henie pleases an admirer by writing her signature on the cuff of his shirt. Nat Dallingier took the picture at the Mocambo Club, in Hollywood.



DEMURELY lovely film star Ann Todd models an Edwardian frock of ruffles and lace, which was designed for her role in "Gaiety George."

Film Reviews

★ ADVENTURE

THE return of Clark Gable to the MGM fold, after his war service, and his co-starring with Greer Garson make this film important enough to register as a "must."

The story is not the best which the two stars have had to handle, but it is brisk entertainment, and the release of Miss Garson from her long string of "goody-goody" parts is welcome.

Gable is suitably cast as a tough sea boss's mate who falls in love with demure librarian Greer Garson. A hasty wedding, the development of the meek librarian into a gay wife who fights to keep her husband, and the threat of a divorce are all packed into the film, which incidentally brings a superb job from Joan Blondell as a flossy blonde who develops a liking for the rough Mr. G. Thomas Mitchell also comes into it as a sea-going philosopher. In fact, director Victor Fleming has crammed almost every well-known situation into the two hours' running time.—St. James; showing.

★ SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

FOX presents a tear-jerker plus in a story which positively wallows in sentiment. Feminine audiences who like to cry to enjoy themselves will have a wonderful time while they view the sad, sad story of a beautiful actress (Maureen O'Hara) who dies, leaving her adopted child in the care of her husband, who doesn't understand the child at all.

Top marks must go to a screen newcomer in youngster Connie Marshall. She makes the child seem real and carefully refrains from being precocious. Miss O'Hara, beautiful as always, dies in the early portion of the film, but reappears to the child, and her performance is good. John Payne is the husband, and William Bendix has a small part.—Century; showing.

★ THE SOUTHERNER

UNITED ARTISTS took a courageous step in filming a stark, grim story of the fight by Texan cotton farmers to raise successful crops. French director Jean Renoir wrote the script and directed the film, and the cast, headed by Betty Field and Zachary Scott, give him able assistance.

They make the young couple completely real as they portray the hopes and fears which beset them. Another fine job is that of Beulah Bondi as the grandmother.

Average audiences probably will dismiss the film as "too dreary," but the discriminating will find much to appreciate.—Civic; showing.

★ IN HOLLYWOOD

IT won't be the fault of Abbott and Costello if audiences fail to be amused at their latest effort for MGM. The boys work hard right through.

This time they are studio barbers who decide to turn agents and get rich quickly. They land only one client, Robert Stanton, and finally establish him before they have completely wrecked the studio.

Frances Rafferty is the feminine interest.—Capitol; showing.

★ GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER

BOX-OFFICE potentialities from a bedroom farce have been fully exploited by United Artists in their remake of an old stage hit.

This time Dennis O'Keefe is the harassed married scientist who wishes to recover a jewelled garter he had given to former girl-friend Marie McDonald. For reasons of her own, Marie, who is to marry O'Keefe's best friend, decides to retain the garter. O'Keefe is good and Marie McDonald is getting better with each comedy role.—Empire; showing.

★ CONFIDENTIAL AGENT

WARNERS' mistake in this dated story about the Spanish Civil War was in casting their sultry beauty Lauren Bacall as an aristocratic English girl. The star has not had nearly enough acting experience to make a success of it.

She plays opposite Charles Boyer, who, as a Spanish pianist, gives up his career to go to England to obtain coal for the Republicans.

He meets plenty of difficulties in England, but has time for the romantic interludes with Lauren.

Boyer underplays his role, and in contrast Katina Paxinou is guilty of striking melodramatic attitudes. The big disappointment is the poor showing of "The Look" Bacall.—Tatler; showing.

★ JOAN FONTAINE

JOAN FONTAINE is back from her Mexico honeymoon and is packing slacks and shirts for a trip to the Canadian Rockies, where they will be shooting outdoor scenes for "Emperor Waltz" with Bing Crosby.

Joan says the mountains resemble the Austrian Alps which are featured in the technicolor picture.

★ LIONEL BARRYMORE

LIONEL BARRYMORE plays President Roosevelt in two sequences of Metro's atom bomb story, "Beginning of the End."

As Roosevelt he is seen staring the atomic bomb programme and also on the day of his death.

News from the studios

By cable from
VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood.

DYNAMIC, straw-haired Danny Kaye gave me a graphic description of his new film, "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty."

"This James Thurber creation gives me the chance of playing not only a dual role, which is the most achieved by actors, playing more than one role in the same film, but I play eight characters."

"In one sequence of my dream life I am the captain of a ship in a storm at sea."

"Then I am a two-gun cowboy, braver than the Lone Ranger, and then an international spy sneering at a firing squad."

"I am then a Dutch boy saving Holland by the dyke and finger technique; a famous surgeon performing a delicate operation; and then a riverboat gambler, an R.A.F. ace, and also myself."

Kaye thinks the surgeon role intrigues him most, as when he was studying dramatics in New York he spent hours watching surgeon friends operating in the New York Medical Centre Gallery.

STIRLING HAYDEN plans a sea-going week-end on his new cruiser, which can house eight.

If Hayden tiffs with Paramount he may easily set sail for far-off isles in a huff, now that he possesses aquatic transportation.

GLENN FORD delightedly received some frozen trout sent by air from Canadian fans to the set of "Gallant Journey."

The lunch hour found Glenn barbecuing the fish over an open fire for Janet Blair and director William Wellman.

UNIVERSAL'S Travis Banton has discovered a new fashion shade which he calls "Oregon moss."

Banton described it as "a sort of tawny chartreuse color inspired by the moss which grows on the plines in the Pacific north-west."

"Susan Hayward showed me a bouquet of the moss which she made for her hair on a recent vacation."

"We have technicians working on the dyes and materials for the production of dresses for summer marketing," he said.

THE fascinating life story of Parisian Lilly Dache, hat creator, has been bought by Twentieth Century-Fox.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 155-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney



Movie World

• ANN RICHARDS, still known to most Australians as Shirley Ann, will return to Hollywood after her visit to her mother in Australia. The Australian film actress recently completed a big role in "The Searching Wind" for Paramount after she had

received acclaim for her part in "Love Letters," which has been released here. Ann lives with two girl friends in California, but her mother, Mrs. Richards of Sydney, will make her home with the star later this year in the house Ann has bought.

That lovely
Lux look



"Outdoor Girl"
an exclusive
Lux model

KNITTED STAY
NEW-LOOKING FAR LONGER
WITH GENTLE LUX CARE

See how lovely this smart
woollic looks, thanks to
gentle Lux care...not a sign
of matting or shrinking!
It's bright and new-looking.
These days when nice jumpers
and cardigans are so expensive
don't risk ruining them with
careless washing. Strong
soaps and harsh methods like
hard rubbing make woollics
shabby before their time.
Lux care keeps them fresh
and shapely year after year
because LUX IS SO GENTLE.



★ Free KNITTING INSTRUCTIONS

Would you like to knit this attractive jumper
"OUTDOOR GIRL" yourself? Free instructions
will gladly be sent in bust sizes 32-36. Simply
cut out this panel (around dotted lines) and
pin it to a stamped addressed envelope. Post
application to—
LEVER BROS. PTY. LTD. BALMAIN, SYDNEY. N.S.W.

U.214.28

"COLDS
GO FASTER

since I learned
Elsie's secret!"



One simple rub works
INSIDE and OUTSIDE
for quicker comfort

"TELL ME YOUR SECRET," I begged
Elsie. "Tommy's simply miserable
with another cold. Why do your
youngsters always suffer so little,
and feel fine again so fast?"

"Secret!" laughed Elsie. "Why,
it's just Vicks VapoRub—a secret
millions of mothers have known
for years!"

"You see," she explained, "just
rubbed on throat, chest and back
at bedtime, VapoRub works inside
and outside at the same time to
relieve colds faster."

"OUTSIDE, it works like a poultice
to ease chest tightness. And INSIDE,
its medicinal vapours, released by
body warmth, are breathed right
into the air-passages—clearing
stuffy nose, soothing sore throat,
relieving coughing. Just try it!"

So at bedtime, I tried VapoRub.
It amazed me—how quickly
Tommy was breathing easier, and
how well he slept. Next morning,
he was bright as a new coin—his dis-
comforts gone. At our house now,
it's always VapoRub for colds!

A WORLD STAND-BY

VICKS
VAPORUB

30 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Spellbound . . . a mystery story



1 INTRODUCED as Dr. Edwardes, new-
comer (Gregory Peck) takes over job as
head of sanitarium from psychiatrist Dr.
Murchison (Leo Carroll), who is retiring.



2 AT SANITARIUM is psychiatrist Dr.
Constance Peterson (Ingrid Bergman),
who falls in love with newcomer, though
she suspects his mysterious background.



3 HOSPITAL STAFF also become sus-
picious when alleged Dr. Edwardes sud-
denly refuses to perform an urgent
operation and disappears from sanitarium.



4 AFTER FOLLOWING HIM, Constance dis-
covers he is amnesia victim and also
has a fixation that he murdered Dr. Ed-
wardes, whose body has been found.



6 DURING SKI-ING, Constance discovers strange clue
to real murderer and helps the man she loves to reveal
real identity and regain his health and happiness.

Salvador Dali designs dream setting

CO-STARRED in a psychological mystery story, Ingrid Bergman
and Gregory Peck appear in "Spellbound" for United Artists.

One of the most important sequences is a "dream" scene for
which famous surrealist artist Salvador Dali designed the setting.
By means of the dream a scientific treatment results in the murder
solution which has involved a strange young man suffering from
amnesia.



YOU CAN DEPEND ON
Eugène

The world-famous perm gives the
shining waves and curls without
frizz that are the basis of true and
adaptable hair beauty. Insist on
Eugène — never surpassed — safe!
Ask to see the Sachets!

There's no Wave Like a *Eugène Wave*
eugène

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS — ALL STATES:
HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD.



Dominex
REGD.

Coats
THE CHOICE
OF EVERY WELL
DRESSED WOMAN

AT ALL LEADING STORES



BLONDE
hair

demands a special
shampoo!

Only a few enjoy the
advantage of blonde
hair. It is different . . . distinctive.
And because of this it demands a special
shampoo. Stablond prevents natural fair
hair from darkening. If your hair has
darkened, Stablond will bring back its
former golden sparkle. For Stablond is
made specially for blondes.

STA-BLOND THE BLONDES OWN
SHAMPOO

"SUZY" . . . hat of the month!

A lovely newcomer to our model hat service — available to our readers for only 29/11.

● "Suzy," our lovely model hat in a mist-pink felt with eye-catching frou-frou, sketched by Rene, our fashion artist. Here "Suzy" is teamed with an acid-green wool dressmaker topcoat. "Suzy" is available in six different colors with contrasting taffeta frou-frou for 29/11. Color details below.



● Here is our lovely hat of the month, "Suzy," photographed in our color studio and modelled by charming Australian Jean Blake.

The color combination is one of six in which "Suzy" has been created for you by a notable French milliner. Your range of choice includes duchess-blue with black or pink taffeta frou-frou; mist-pink with black or navy contrast; navy with pastel blue and red frou-frou; brown with pink and brown frou-frou; black with pink and black frou-frou; and olive-green as shown above with green, yellow, and red frou-frou.

The sketches on this page show how beautifully "Suzy" teams with smart winter clothes. Send order to address in your State shown on this page. Price 29/11 plus 2/- postage.



ADDRESSES FOR ORDERING.

Send your order to The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion Department to the address given in your State as under.

Box 348A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 431Q, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 460P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

● At left, "Suzy" in duchess-blue felt gives elegance and grace to a pastel blue wool suit, and (at right) in brown felt "Suzy" teams smartly with a jumper-topped honey-tan woollen dress. Above are listed the six colors in which "Suzy" comes.

SYDNEY-LONDON EMPIRE SERVICES

Speed! Comfort!



Showing the Flag —on British Wings!

The "Kangaroo" Service now operated by Q.E.A. and B.O.A.C., between Sydney and London, combines unparalleled speed and comfort. You can reach London in 63 hours by Lancastrian—or in five and a half days by the more leisurely Flying Boat Service.

Australia's INTERNATIONAL Airline

Qantas
Empire Airways
in association with
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

For
Thrillingly
Soft Hands



It's easy for you to keep your busy hands thrillingly soft and smooth. Just massage a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion on your hands before bed each night—and every time you've had your hands in water.

Rich and concentrated, Pond's Hand Lotion is a special skin softener—and you'll love the heavenly fragrance, the smooth feel it gives to your hands. Buy Pond's Hand Lotion to-day—at all chemists and stores.

POND'S HAND LOTION

P.S.—A tip for leg-grooming. Use Pond's Hand Lotion for your legs too! It quickly gives a silky finish to skin roughened by sun and wind.



Supplies will again become available when present restrictions are removed.

EVAN WILLIAMS
shampoo keeps the hair young.



WINDTOSSED AND LOVELY. Her hair is swept from its moorings, but her up-collared coat and heavy gloves are cosy, and she is confident in the "steadfastness" of her make-up.

Your wintertime face Shining example for the great outdoors

COLD weather make-up is the conversation piece in beauty circles to-day, and it's full of surprises.

Nothing short of a brand-new pattern for that fair physiognomy will carry you triumphantly through "the hard, dull bitterness of cold."

The setting is elemental—the wind, the rain, the cold—so meet the challenge halfway and let your face be natural, healthy, shining to the eye of the beholder this winter.

Gone is the perfect matt finish of past months—that glowing look has ousted it—so dream up a new vision, apply all your knowledge and knack in the new trend, and the elements can hold no terrors for you. Let it rain, let it pour—it's wonderful for singing in. Let the breezes blow or the wild winds howl—it's an ill wind, anyway.

Use your colors like an artist, getting your effects by blending your creams, lotions, and foundations, with naturalness the theme song. Strike a resounding note with your lipstick.

For a strictly outdoor setting we do not advocate epidermis au naturel—few women would tolerate it and fewer could stand it. So it's still artifice, but of a different sort, with cold calculation added.

What to do?

Let us give it some thought.

When you cream off your society face at night you see a paler replica of the daytime facade because tinted foundations and healthy-colored powders have used you to a vivid complexion tone.

Quite futile to suggest to any woman that she should calmly throw all that into the discard and appear outdoors with her face resembling nothing so much as a peeled almond, and rightly so. So you finesse a bit.

You can tint your face (not over-

looking the ear lobes and neck) with liquid rouge, diluted down to glow-tones with skin tonic or rose water. You will probably have a favorite skin tonic on hand and rose water is easy to obtain and inexpensive. To top it off—not powder which looks, reasonably enough, powdery, under climatic pressure, but one of the numerous liquid preparations affording skin protection against chapping and roughness in blowy weather.

When applied it gives the skin that highly desirable glow.

And here's another minus-powder suggestion to leave skin luminous and polished. Use a decidedly tinted emulsion or cream foundation, leaving it strictly as is, merely working it in smoothly and evenly.

Still another pretty trick for the less-than-perfect skin begging sympathetic understanding is to use one of the heavily tinted cake foundations which contain oil plus humectant (a material which tends to hold moisture in the skin).

Or any good cake foundation with a film of cream applied to the skin first.

These foundations cleverly mask skin imperfections, and if not powdered over still leave the desired patina.

There is a red trend in lipsticks—leave the blue-reds alone and use your clear, brilliant reds with dash and imagination. No longer a slash of a mouth, but definite nevertheless. Wield your eyebrow pencil in short, sharp strokes to darken pale brows and extend too-short arches.

A "smidgen" of waterproof mascara and don't bother about the eye-shadow.

Check the result with your dreamy double. This should be the visual—a glowing-in-depth complexion, natural and polished like a ripe winter apple. Eyes keen, mouth brilliant.

Add comforting thought: These make-ups afford fine skin protection and stay put.

New Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
3. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

More men & women use Arrid than any other deodorant

At all chemists and stores selling toilet goods.
Distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney
2/- a jar
Also in 9/4 jars **ARRID**



For Good Health

Good health depends on many things. Diet is important. Eat plenty of fruit. Get plenty of exercise. Sleep well. Regular habits are important, too. Keep free from constipation with Nyal Figen, the pleasant-tasting tablet laxative. Figen acts gently yet thoroughly. No pain or discomfort. Figen is sold by all chemists—24 tablets—1/2.

Nyal Figen THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

DON'T "ACCEPT" ASTHMA

as your lot in life. No one need suffer discomfort and distress when prompt relief can be had from Dr. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR. When you feel an attack is imminent just inhale a few whiffs of the rich aromatic smoke of ASTHMADOR. Breathing is easier at once. The air passages are cleared, there is no more discomfort. You can breathe! Sufferers have relied on Dr. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR for 77 years. To-day modern laboratory conditions are used to blend the finest quality herbs according to the original formula. ASTHMADOR is easy to get from any chemist.

Australian Distributors:
PASSETT & JOHNSON LTD.
25-40 Chalmers St., Sydney, N.S.W.

WOMEN

CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those acute periodic pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet to water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others.

Price, 2/- box. Sufficient for several months. **MIDENE**



OPEN HOUSE for sunshine and pleasant living by architect Trevor Bain, of Melbourne. Rooms along north side have 4ft. wide overhang eaves affording sun protection during hot months, and yet permitting sunlight into rooms during winter season. Can be constructed of timber, timber and concrete, brick veneer, or brick. Full particulars given in *The Australian Women's Weekly* book of Home Plans.

Houses from our Home Plans book



THESE perspectives of modern homes are a representative selection from *The Australian Women's Weekly* book of Home Plans, now available from our offices and from all newsagents for 1/6. In this 68-page book will be found the designs of foremost Australian and American architects, embracing every type of modern home. Secure your copy now.



HOPE TO BUILD a seaside house some day? Then consider this attractive timber home, planned by architects Cozhead, Bath, and Mason, of Melbourne. It offers the utmost in light, livability, and pursuit of happiness. The other house, a modern two-bedroom home, shown above, is planned for a 55ft. frontage with outdoor living amenities and will appeal to countless homemakers. Ground and site plans will be found in our book of Home Plans. This 68-page book can be had from our offices and from all newsagents for 1/6.



STONE WALL and terrace for outdoor living lend an air of old-world charm to this small but cleverly planned three-bedroom home, designed by architect Albert Hanson, of Sydney. It contains a 9ft. x 8ft. entrance hall, 20ft. x 13ft. living-room, 13ft. x 11ft. dining alcove; one 16ft. x 11ft., one 13ft. x 12ft., and one 11ft. x 11ft. bedroom. Note window areas. Like it?



BONNY STEPHEN JOHN JEFFERY, 9-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Jeffery, of Billiard Avenue, Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W. A clinic baby, Stephen weighs 23lb., is healthy, good-tempered.

Third-year feeding hints

By SISTER MARY JACOB
Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE feeding from two to three years is just as important as in the first two years, but sometimes this is not fully realised.

The child at this age is growing rapidly and is very active, so foods for growth and for energy are especially needed.

A leaflet giving suggestions for the daily menu for the third year can be obtained from *The Australian Women's Weekly* Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send stamped, addressed envelope for a copy.

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 8, 1946

Other leading Australian architects who have contributed to our book of home plans include: John P. Mochridge, Samuel Lipson, S. E. Ancher, Edwin R. Orchard, Edgar Gurney, and I. E. Rowell.

INFESTED HEADS

By MEDICO

QUITE a number of mothers have come to me recently for advice on how to keep their children's heads clean.

Even the best-cared-for children can pick up head lice, but fortunately there is a very effective treatment for them. This is the way to tackle the problem.

Ask your chemist for two ounces of 10 per cent. D.D.T. in talc powder. Sprinkle a heaped tablespoon into the infested scalp by rubbing it in with the fingers. The best way to do this is to part the hair again an inch nearer the crown and repeat the process right over the scalp.

Cover the child's shoulders with an old sheet which can be boiled. Leave the hair unwashed for a week. Then wash it dry thoroughly, and repeat the dusting with another heaped tablespoonful, leaving the hair unwashed for a further week.

The powder kills the lice very effectively, but it has no effect on the eggs, which are protected by a sticky skin. As the eggs hatch out, however, they will be killed. That is why the hair should not be washed for a week and a second treatment given a week later.

Children get this trouble in various ways. Trying on other children's hats is one way. Using a strange hair-brush is another. It can be picked up from head-rests in public places, such as the backs of upholstered chairs or settees.

Dust a teaspoonful of the powder into the inside of child's hat and a little on the hair-brush. Soak the comb in kerosene followed by hot, soapy water.



Tempts the appetite...

Restores strength during convalescence

Recovery from any illness places a heavy drain on the body's natural reserves of energy, and the period of convalescence ordered by doctors is set to give your body time to build itself up once more into full working trim.

Now Horlicks becomes especially valuable to you.

Horlicks is a tempting and sustaining food drink, containing the elements needed by the body for a speedy and successful convalescence. And

Horlicks is easily digested. In fact it is this easy digestibility that makes Horlicks so very beneficial in replacing lost energy, because the natural sugars in it are utilised at once by the blood stream. Horlicks contains mixed carbohydrates and a valuable proportion of proteins, all compounded into a very pleasant drink.

Horlicks is easy to prepare. Simply mix with either hot or cold water.

HORLICKS



Horlicks is sold in handy glass jars, or in tins. The price is 3/- (slightly higher in the country).



Why not Make Perfect Health A Regular Habit

IF a woman feels well, she's cheerful, youthful — there is spring in her stride. And feeling well can become a constant habit when you discover what Bile Beans can mean to you.

Taken regularly at bed time, these fine-vegetable pills create that "inner well-being" which is the foundation of fitness, good spirits and personal charm.

Cleansing the blood-stream, toning up digestion, eliminating toxic wastes, Bile Beans keep you bright-eyed, radiant and attractive.

1/3 & 3/- a box.

BILE BEANS



"I feel brighter and ever so much better since taking Bile Beans. My complexion, too, is fresher and healthier in colour. Friends remark about the marked improvement in my health and appearance." — Miss F. G. Tucker.

Marmalade— Clear and Golden



BY OUR FOOD
AND COOKERY
EXPERTS

FILL UP the pantry shelves
with pots of gleaming marmalade
and jelly... enjoy the
glow of satisfaction you get
from making them yourself.

NOW is the time to make use of the citrus fruits... they provide jams with a vast range of flavors—sharp, tangy marmalades, shimmering jellies, and rich conserves.

Don't limit your jams to one or two old and favored recipes... sweet oranges, grapefruit, limes, and mandarins can be used for marmalade either alone or in combination.

Fruit must be firm, sound, and barely ripe. It then contains more pectin, the jellying substance. Pectin is converted into sugar in fully ripened fruit.

Use crystal sugar or brewer's crystals for a clearer jam or jelly.

Aluminium or enameled iron makes the best preserving pan. It should have a smooth surface—free from chips, dents, or cracks which are likely to cause jam to stick and burn.

If your kitchen equipment does not include a preserving pan you can make do with a saucepan. Choose a wide, shallow one if possible.

There is considerable difference between the making of marmalade and of jam.

The fruit for marmalade needs long, gentle cooking with water before sugar is added. The fruit, particularly the peel, needs to be completely tender.

Time for cooking can be shortened considerably by covering prepared fruit with water and standing overnight.

After sugar is added, boiling should be rapid to bring the marmalade to jellying point as quickly as possible.

Prolonged boiling after sugar is added spoils color and flavor, causes stickiness. Insufficient evaporation of water, due to underboiling, is one of the causes of jam fermenting.

Skim frequently, but avoid unnecessary stirring. This tends to cloud the syrup. The best test of doneness is to take a

● Gather your citrus crop... bring out the preserving pan... count your sugar coupons and get busy! Eight good recipes here. Try them!

spoonful of the marmalade liquid and put on to a cold saucer. Stand 2 or 3 minutes in a cold place.

If surface glazes and then crinkles when pushed sideways with the finger, jellying point has been reached.

The experienced jam-maker will probably use the "sheeting" test.

When liquid in pan is lifted on a spoon and poured back it will run together and "sheet" from the spoon if sufficiently cooked.

Jars must be clean, dry, and thoroughly heated before filling with hot jam.

JELLIED ORANGE SLICES

Two pounds navel oranges, 4 pints water, 4 tablespoons salt, 3lb. sugar, extra 2 pints water.

Wash and dry fruit. Prick well all over with a large darning needle, penetrating skin to reach pulp. Soak whole with the salt and 4 pints water for 48 hours. Drain, cover whole oranges with cold water, bring to the boil. Drain, and repeat process. Remove oranges from water, slice thinly. Place slices in preserving pan with the 2 pints water, and simmer gently until quite tender, about 1 hour. Add warmed sugar gradually, not allowing to boil again until sugar is dissolved. Boil quickly until the liquid "jells" when tested on a cold saucer.

ORANGE AND APPLE MARMALADE

One pound green apples, 1lb. navel oranges, 2 lemons, 5lb. sugar, 6 pints water.

Wash and dry fruit. Remove cores and seeds from apples. Slice fruit thinly, cover with the water, and stand 24 hours. Bring slowly to boil, and simmer gently

until peel is quite tender. Add warmed sugar gradually, and bring slowly back to boiling point. Boil quickly until it "jells" when tested. Bottle into hot, dry jars, seal and label when cold.

CARROT SHRED MARMALADE

Two pounds carrots, 4 lemons, 5 pints water, sugar.

Scrub carrots well, shred finely. Soak overnight with water. Boil steadily until carrot is quite tender. Add juice of 4 lemons and shredded rind of 2 lemons. Measure and allow 1 cup sugar to each cup of liquid and shredded carrot. Warm the sugar and add gradually. Boil steadily until it "jells" when tested. Allow to cool before bottling into dry, hot jars. This prevents the shreds rising in the jars. Seal and label when cold.

LEMON MARMALADE

One pound lemons, 3lb. sugar, 3 pints hot water.

Wash lemons, slice thinly. Cover with the hot water and stand 48 hours. Take out 1 pint of the liquid and replace with 1½ pints fresh cold water. Bring to boil, cook steadily 1 hour, or until rind of lemons is quite tender. Add warmed sugar and cook quickly until it "jells" when tested. Bottle while hot.

GRAPEFRUIT AND PINEAPPLE MARMALADE

Two pounds grapefruit, 1lb. lemons, 1lb. oranges, 2 medium pineapples, 4 pints water, sugar.

Wash lemons and grapefruit. Remove thin yellow rind and shred finely. Remove pith, and chop finely. Press all juice

from fruit pulp, place juice in a bowl with abraded rind. Cover with 4 pints water and stand overnight. Turn into preserving pan, add shredded pineapple, and pith and seeds of lemons and grapefruit tied in clean muslin. Boil gently until rind is tender. Measure and add 1 cup sugar to each cup of juice and fruit. Boil quickly until it "jells." Allow to cool slightly before bottling.

SEVILLE ORANGE MARMALADE

One large, slightly under-ripe Seville orange, 1 lemon, 2 pints water, sugar.

Wash, dry, and slice fruit thinly. Cover with water, and allow to stand 24 hours. Bring slowly to the boil, and simmer gently half an hour. Remove from fire, stand a further 24 hours. Bring slowly to boil again, and simmer until fruit is quite tender. Measure and allow 1 cup sugar for each cup of juice and pulp. Warm sugar, add gradually. Boil rapidly until it "jells" when tested on a cold saucer.

SWEET ORANGE JAM

Three pounds navel oranges, 3 pints water, 3lb. sugar.

Wash and dry fruit, cut into thin slices. Bring water to boiling point, pour over fruit and allow to stand overnight. Next day bring slowly to boil and cook gently until rind of orange is quite soft. Add heated sugar, and boil quickly until it "jells" when tested. Pour into heated jars—seal when cold.

MANDARIN MARMALADE

Ten medium-sized, thin-skinned mandarins, 6 pints water, 2 lemons, sugar.

Wash fruit, slice thinly. Stand overnight covered with the water. Boil gently until fruit is tender. Allow to stand again overnight. Measure and allow 1 cup warmed sugar to each cup of fruit and juice. Boil steadily until it gives the jelly test—about 25 to 30 minutes. Pour into hot, dry jars.

HE'S BACK TO
HIS BLUE SUIT
AGAIN...



NOW THAT HE'S RID
OF HIS DANDRUFF!

Dandruff on a blue suit stands out like a beacon in the dark. If you have infectious dandruff — don't banish the suit, get rid of the dandruff with LISTERINE Antiseptic. Douse it on your scalp and rub well in twice a day. You'll be delighted at the way it cools the scalp, stops itching, cleans away humiliating scales, and kills the infectious dandruff germ.

LISTERINE
THE safe ANTISEPTIC



They melt in the mouth

Pascall
SCOTCH MINTS

LAWRENCE LEONG
Ph.C. (Hongkong), M.P.S. (Sydney), F.C.S. (London)
CHINESE HERBALIST
LEADING IN AUSTRALIA
1 CHALLIS HOUSE, MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY.
Telephone 82921

OATINE
Beauty Creams for
Charm & Glamour

EYES BRIGHT
IT'S BACK AGAIN... THAT EYES-BRIGHT,
EYES-BRIGHT LOOK,
BRING STRAIGHT EYEBROWS INTO LINE.

Two Glamorous Shades...
BLACK AND BROWN
Smooth-marking Impression

TEAR OFF-ALWAYS STRAIGHT!
This eye lift is the best, easiest, and most effective.

KATHRYN KING
EYEBROW PENCIL



MOST proficient cooks often lack the finesse required in the making of a good cup of coffee. Frances Gifford, MGM star, acquired the art of brewing the beverage in the Brazilian way.

PRIZE RECIPES

● Here's the list:
Chestnut cream pie,
date crackers, quick-
mix vanilla cake,
grilled grapefruit.

RECIPES of all types are welcomed each week. Prizes are awarded to those that best suit the season and the state of the food market.

Join the ever-growing list of prize-winners. Send us your favorite recipe now!

CHESTNUT CREAM PIE

Half-pound of chestnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter (or margarine), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, pinch salt, grated rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, pastry case.

Using a sharp-pointed knife, make a small slit across top of each chestnut. Drop nuts into rapidly boiling water, cook 20 minutes. Drain, cool, remove peel, and rub nuts through a strainer. Cream shortening and sugar, add lemon rind, egg-yolks, spice, cinnamon, nutmeg, salt, and sieved nuts. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into uncooled pastry case, and bake in a hot oven, 400deg. F., 20 to 25 minutes. Reduce heat after first 10 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Marcel, 18 Barkley St., St. Kilda, Vic.

GRILLED GRAPEFRUIT WITH BACON ROLLS

Half a medium-sized grapefruit and 2 rashers bacon for each person, brown sugar, chopped parsley.

Cut grapefruit in halves, cut edges into points, separate pulp into sections. Remove centre pith and membrane. Coat grapefruit with brown sugar and grill slowly until thoroughly heated and lightly browned. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve with thick grilled bacon rolls.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Mack, 5 Gordon Ave., Elwood, Vic.

DATE CRACKERS

Two ounces shortening, 2oz. brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups rolled oats, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Cream shortening and brown sugar, stir in rolled oats and sifted flour. Dissolve soda in warm water, stir into mixture, mixing well. Combine dates, lemon rind and juice.



FIRST, Frances dissolves a pinch of salt in a cup of hot water, then pours this into the coffee-pot.



SECRET of coffee taste lies in blending coffee with water in the proper ratio, so she allows a heaped dessertspoon of coffee to every cup of water, allows 20 minutes for percolating, then pours the delicious brew.

sugar and water. Cook until soft, stirring well. Divide dough into 2 equal portions, roll thinly. Spread cold date mixture on one half, top with second half, pressing lightly. Cut in squares or finger lengths. Brush with milk, sprinkle lightly with brown sugar. Place on flat greased tray and bake 12 to 15 minutes in moderate oven (375deg. F.).

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Jones, 243 Anzac Pde., Kingsford, N.S.W.

QUICK-MIX VANILLA CAKE

Two cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 eggs.

Sift flour and salt, add sugar. Soften shortening slightly, drop into sifted flour and salt; add vanilla and milk. Beat steadily (using wooden spoon) for 2 minutes. Keep sides of bowl and spoon well scraped. Add unbeaten eggs, beat 1 minute longer. Turn into 2 greased 9in. sandwich-tins. Bake in a moderate oven, 350deg. F., 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to stand 4 or 5 minutes before removing from tins. Join and ice with vanilla icing when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. McLaren, Araluen, Holt Rd., Taren Point, N.S.W.

SISTER MacDONALD

who has had many
years' experience with
Infant Welfare
Centres...



She says:

"VEGEMITE
is most essential"

"In modern Baby Health care," says Sister MacDONALD, "a supply of vitamins is essential, one of the most important being Vitamin B, which is found in delicious Vegemite." "Naturally, we need all the Vegemite we can get—and, furthermore, the future of our Babies' Health

depends on obtaining an adequate supply of Vitamin B, of which Vegemite is a most valuable source." If you sometimes find Vegemite hard to get, then remember Infant Welfare Centres, Invalids and Convalescents and Military Hospitals need it so much. Vegemite is the best product of its kind in all Australia.



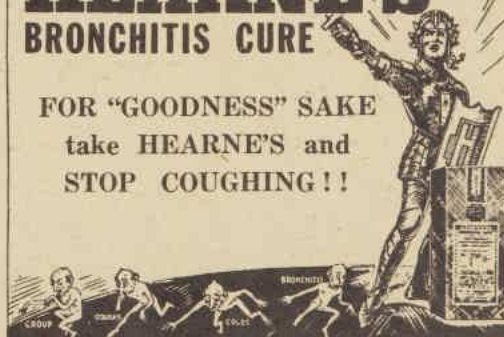
- ★ Richer in Vitamin B1 (Aneurin).
- ★ Richer in Vitamin B2 (Riboflavin).
- ★ Richer in the anti-pellagra factor (Niacin).
- ★ Tastier and costs less.

VEGEMITE
— a little does a power of good.

KRV1.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

FOR "GOODNESS" SAKE
take HEARNE'S and
STOP COUGHING!!



Wondoflex
DUO-TEXTURE JERSEY

CREATING A NEW WORLD OF FABRICS
From leading salons
in wool frocks & suits
MADE IN AUSTRALIA

The new **DUNLOP**
FOOTWEAR AND WEATHERPROOFS



... WILL BE NOTABLE FOR THEIR
Style Leadership

DUNLOP RUBBER AUSTRALIA LIMITED (INC. IN VIC.)